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ADELAIDE AND VALVAISE,
OR
THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP,

A SWEDISH TALE.

.....
[With an elegant Engraving.]
.....

GUSTAVUS Adolphus came young to the throne. One night, while he danced disguised at a ball that was given by his chief minister, the masque of the fairest of his subjects fell off, and she broke with a sudden and unexpected glory on the eyes of the assembly ; for, though Adelaide was noble, her prudent mother had secreted her far from court and had tenderly brought her up, like the lilly in the vale, unseen and unsullied.

The king felt himself instantly struck with a respectful and humbling sense of inferiority before her ;

for it is the peculiar prerogative of beauty, that the mighty, and the bold, and the haughty, and even the savage, grow tame and depressed, as in the presence of the immediate representative of divinity.

Adelaide, in a hurry, caught up her masque, and hastened to cover the perils of her countenance ; but the deed was already done ; and her image was impressed on the heart of the monarch, as indelibly as though it had been fixed by the machinery of some engine.

He instantly drew his favorite, Valvaise, aside, and whisperingly gave a precipitate order, that he should discover and bring intelligence who the lady was.

Valvaise zealously obeyed the injunction of his royal patron ; he brought him word, that she was a maid of illustrious birth, but little known ; and, where known, admired as a phenomenon or new appearance in nature.

Valvaise had been preferred to favor by a peculiar appointment of Providence. Adolphus in the chase of a stag, had out-riden his attendants. Being thirsty and fatigued, he turned toward a neat hamlet, that was pleasantly situated at the entrance of a forest. He tied his steed to a tree ; and, drawing near, beheld a young swain at the foot of an oak, intent on a little book that he held in his hand. The youth rose at his approach ; and, having gracefully saluted him, led him into the house, where he hospitably regaled him with the home-brewed juice of the berry.

Pray, what were you reading ? demanded the prince.—A late treatise, sir, on friendship, answered the student.—And what think you of it ?—As cold as if it had been written by an inhabitant of Zembla.—I presume, then, that your own sentiments on the subject are warmer.—As the difference, replied the youth, between the Torrid and the Frigid Zones.—You love your friends well, then ?—I should, sir, had I any : but I dare not trust myself with such

a connexion ; all the men I ever knew would certainly over-reach me ; I should go twice the lengths for them, that they would go for me.—Such a one as you would make a friend for a king.—But then I should never make a friend of a king, I am told that all, who would please the great, must be flatterers ; but the true province of friendship is, to mind us of our faults.—For that very purpose I engage you, said Adolphus ; I am your king !

The youth, all abashed, fell precipitately at his feet ; but the monarch as hastily raised and took him to his embrace.

From that day Valvaise became the favorite and bosom confidant of his royal master. He had not, indeed, the burden of the state laid upon him, neither the emoluments of high and envied trusts ; all those he declined, wholly satisfied and happy in being the companion of the private hours, and the intimate of the bosom of his beloved lord.

The moment that Valvaise had given to Adolphus the desired intelligence concerning Adelaide, you must go then, my friend, you must go, said the king, and woo this fair creature in my name. You are a youth of gentle manners, and winning address ; you cannot fail of prevailing in a cause, where your heart will be so warmly interested in behalf of the man you love. Say, I will marry her directly, in the presence of her mother, and a few other witnesses in whom we may confide ; but that this must be kept private, at least for a time, for fear of provoking the discontents of my people, as they expect I should strengthen my kingdom by some foreign alliance. Go, my Valvaise ! my opinion of your truth is fixed as a rock within my soul ; I know your worth to be impregnable, impassable, unassailable.

Valvaise, all transport, all ardor, by his emotions and glowing countenance, pathetically, though silently, assured his master of a zealous and faithful execution of his mission ; and instantly retired without farther promise.

On the following day, he applied himself to Adelmale, the mother of Adelaide, and flushed her with the ambition and eager desire of seeing her darling offspring exalted to royalty, to happiness consummate. But Adelaide, during a number of visits that he paid her, continued to veil the reality of her sentiments under the semblance of bashful maidenhood and modest reserve.

At length Valvaise grew importunate, and set forth the advantages of his proposal in the most striking lights. He held up to her imagination the personal attractions of his royal patron, accompanied by all the virtues and graces of mind and disposition that ever informed humanity. And, finally, observing to her, that Adolphus was more superior to mankind in private excellencies and attractions than in public station, he urged her assent to an immediate union.

The maid repeated a long and deep-fetched sigh; then raising her head, and giving a side-glance that entered the heart of the orator, Tell me, Valvaise, said she, lives there a man upon earth in whose suit you would plead so warmly as in that of Adolphus? —No, madam, not in the universe —And yet, she blushing and hesitatingly returned, there lives a certain person in whose suit you might plead with much better success.

Alas, she continued, what is Adolphus to me? My heart was never formed for pomp or royalty; it loves the littleness and lowness, the sweet vales and descents of life; it is as a gentle turtle in the meadows and groves, and seeks not, neither can find any kind of joy, save in the affections of its species, and the cooings of its mate. You, Valvaise as I am told, are not of haughty descent; your manners are sweetly mild, your person is conformable, and it is the most ardent prayer of Adelaide, that you may be mated to a companion wholly suitable to yourself.

Ah! exclaimed Valvaise, whither, whither, wouldst thou lead me, thou perilous beauty? alas, I was al-

ready but too prone to follow the sight of the Syren ; and wanted not the additional enchantment of her voice to seduce and to sink me into a deeper perdition. But honor, virtue, gratitude, shall stand at my side ; they shall bind me as with chains of adamant, that Adelaide herself shall not be able to loose. No ! though heaven were opened this instant before me, and all the powers and glories and blessedness thereof conditionally offered to me, I would not accept them at the cost of my friend's happiness, or of my own treason. It could not be a heaven to me upon such conditions ; through eternity I should be wretched, in the condemnation of myself.

Unhappy Adelaide, cried the fair one ! what a peculiar severity there is in thy fate—to be excluded from all possibility of hope, by the very virtues that serve to encrease thy passion ! Be it so, then, my friend ; let us be greatly, let us be nobly, let us be willingly miserable ; and let virtue be, to us, in the place of all other enjoyments ! perish Adelaide, so the faith of my Valvaise live renowned through ages !

O Adolphus, cried the youth, you know not what a sacrifice I make to you at this instant ! Yes, thou bright perfection, I must bid a lasting adieu, while there is will, while strength is left to tear myself away ! Adieu, fair enchantment, O, adieu, for—forever, O, forever ! it is not so ? cried Adelaide, and her eyes began to fill. Yet, a moment, Valvaise ; you must not debar me of one short farewell, the memory of which may serve, through life and in death, to be my consolation. It is an expression of the esteem which I owe to your honor.

So saying, she broke into tears, and threw her arms about him. The touch instantly thrilled his frame, and flew through his brain like a flash of ascending lightning. But, heroically declining any return to the dear embrace, he kneeled down, seized her hand, pressed it silently to his bosom, hastily rose, and retired.

Adelaide had an only brother, an officer in the king's guards, whose name was Alleran. He came on a visit of affection to his sister, when, approaching, he beheld Valvaise in her arms. He instantly laid his hand on his sword, to wash away the imagined dishonor of his family. But, being struck with the reserved demeanor of Valvaise, he deemed it prudent to make no bustle in the business, till he had called the supposed aggressor to a strict but private account.

During three days, he was in diligent search of the disturber of his repose ; but, unable to procure any intelligence concerning him, he went in his impatience, and earnestly besought a private audience of his majesty. He cast himself with emotion at the feet of the monarch, and asked, with a respectful ardor, if he had authorised Valvaise in any address to his sister Adelaide.

Are you then the brother of the fair Adelaide ? said the king ; if so, I think I may safely put my confidence in you. Yes, Alleran, I did authorise Valvaise to address your sister ; yet, not in his own name, but in the name of his master, in order to exalt and make her the beloved of my bosom, and the partner of my throne.

Then you are betrayed, most basely betrayed, rejoined Alleran ; by all that is sacred to the soul of truth and honor, these eyes beheld that Valvaise fondly circled and caressed within the arms of my sister.

There wanted no more. A cloud of sorrow, black and pregnant with thunders, instantly involved the spirit and aspect of the monarch in darkness. His Valvaise had been too deeply rooted in his affections, to be torn thence without many rueful pangs at the parting. But jealousy, disdain, and the uprisings of rage, at finding himself so ungratefully, so cruelly deceived, turned his bowels into bitterness ; and he consoled himself with the idea of seeing his late

favorite expiring in slow agonies and vengeful tortures before him.

He sent pressing orders to have him instantly seized. But, being informed that Valvaise had absconded, he issued hot and hasty mandates, throughout his dominions, to have him proclaimed, pursued, and brought alive to his presence, for he deemed a simple death to be infinitely beneath the satisfaction that was due to his injured friendship; and he wished for the power of prolonging his life, that he might thereby prolong and perpetuate his torments.

Thus Adolphus continued in a state that the most wretched of his vassals might not envy; his bosom torn with a variety of distracting and conflicting passions; when, on the fourth day, he received the following letter from his detested, though late, his so dearly beloved.

"SIRE,

"I am now fifty leagues removed from your presence, and trust soon to be past the justice of your resentment.—But no, I cannot fly it.—Would to heaven I had rather staid, and atoned my crime in part, by suffering the punishment that was due to my perfidy!—Death would surely, at last, have delivered me from you, from myself, from the gnawing of the worm that dieth not within me; that no absence can mitigate, no distance evade!—Yes, Adolphus, your image, your friendship, cling fast to my memory; they continue to load me with unsupportable favors, and my soul groans and struggles under the unremitting oppression.—And is it then possible that I should have betrayed you? I can scarce think it possible.—Did I not love you with a love passing that of self-preservation? Would I not have bled, have died for you, have suffered all extremities to bring you any accession of happiness? Yes, most assuredly. Alas, how is it then, that my will against my will, has injured you my master? has mortally wounded you in the most vital part, in your love for the too adorable, the too fascinating Ade-

laide!—Ah, why did I enterprize the perilous task, enjoined me? While I wished, while I endeavored and struggled to serve you, I fell in my own weakness; I fell, myself, a prey to her all-subduing beauties.—Thus, while I constrained my tongue to plead the cause of my king, my eyes must have pleaded the cause of the traitor Valvaise. There, there lies the heart and pith of my transgression against you. I will not deceive you; I will not conceal from you, that I have robbed you of a portion of the affections of your Adelaide.—But, I will avenge you, my master; I will do you ample justice upon my own head. I tear myself away forever. No more shall mine eye behold the heart cheering face of friendship, or the seducing face of love. I tear myself forever from Adolphus, from Adelaide, from the two, the only objects within the circling moon, that could cast a ray of comfort upon my benighted spirit. All else is a vacant wild, a vale of horrors and desolation.—Oh misery! But I embrace it; my soul shall brood and dwell upon it; it is the portion, the only portion that I choose on this side of eternity.

“In the mean time, my lord, be you your own advocate. Appear, in your native attractions, before the eyes of the deluded beauty, and the memory of Valvaise shall quickly fleet away, as the gleam of a transient meteor before the rising light of the sun.

“Be happy, O Adolphus, be happy in your Adelaide, be happy above conception!—When I hear that you are so, a beam of returning joy may once more inform the breast of

“VALVAISE.”

Adolphus, in entering on the first part of this letter, was instantly stung with vexation and disappointment by the fear of being defeated of his revenge on Valvaise. As he proceeded, however, his heart began to be softened by the condemnation which the criminal denounced against himself.—But, again, when he came where Valvaise dared to avow his passion for Adelaide, and her answering

regards, the flame of his resentment rekindled and rose aloft. Yet this fire was much allayed by the subsequent sentiments ; and he found himself, at the close, inconsistently agitated by a variety of tumultuous and opposite passions.

He wished not that any eye should see how he was affected. He took the letter apart, and shut himself in ; he scanned it over and over ; and, pausingly, over again. At every revisal, his Valvaise appeared more acquitted, more innocent, more excellent ; while the virtues of humanity descended on his soul, as dew on a nightly tempest, and bid the storm be still.

Ah, he cried, Valvaise also, I find, is a son of the fallen Adam !—Were any exempt from frailty, he surely had been the man —Yet, he fought, he resisted ; and when he found he could not prevail, he tore himself from temptation, though the temptation was Adelaide.—He does more, he detests himself for partaking of the human fallibility of our nature : he denounces endless vengeance upon his own head for having involuntarily injured the friend, whose happiness he prefers to his own existence. This is more than to have conquered : such frailty rises even above perfection !—Return then, my brother ! return, my Valvaise !—You grieve for having reluctantly bereft me of my love ; bereave me not of friendship also, for so should your king be without consolation —Return, I say, my brother ! and I will strive to be your competitor in honor and generosity.—You would deprive yourself of your beloved, for the sake of your friend ; but your friend shall return the boon ; he will endeavor to be happy, in the happiness of his Valvaise !

The desolate Valvaise had dispatched the foregoing letter from a house that stood far on his rout to the frontiers of Norway. In his early years, at the academy, he had contracted an intimacy with two young students, the one named Duplaise, and the other Christiern ; and, when he came into favor,

he prevailed on the minister to prefer his two friends to lucrative employments in the north of Sweden. He, therefore, justly inferred, that he had a right of asylum with those who were indebted to him for their honors and emoluments.

Duplaise received his benefactor with transport, and entertained him with magnificence. On the next morning he cautiously entered the chamber of his guest before day. Having gently awaked him, —Pardon, said he, my dear patron, this necessary intrusion. Yesterday, toward noon, a herald arrived and fixed a writing on the town-house, whereby you are proclaimed a traitor, and twenty thousand ducats proposed for your head. I will not ask how you incurred the displeasure of your king; it is sufficient to know, that he builds upon hollow ground, who lays the foundation in the favor of princes. I trust that you are not known here to any save myself; it may be otherwise; however, and the temptation to betray you is great—I forbore to apprise you of these matters last night, for fear of discomposing you—Alas, while I endeavored to appear cheerful, in honor of my guest, my heart was wrung on his account. Haste, my beloved friend, escape for your precious life!—A short repast, with other matters, are prepared for your departure; and my three swiftest horses, by the morrow's early noon, shall convey you and your faithful followers—such I trust they are—quite clear of all danger.

Though Valvaise, at the time, regarded not his own life, yet he gratefully regarded those who approved their regard for it. He straightly embraced his host. I thank you, my friend said he, but I will not take the advantage of your hospitality. You are a subject, you are in office; do your duty to your sovereign, and the laws of your country: I resign myself to your custody. I knew I was a lost man; but I will console myself in hoping, that my depression may be the means of exalting the generous Duplaise.

Duplaise, for the first time, turned an eye of resentment and indignation on his patron. Has Adolphe, he cried, another kingdom to give me in exchange for my integrity? Or, though he had, can there be any property, any peace to a traitor.

If nothing else will prevail, replied Valvaise, the law of self-preservation must constrain you to deliver me up to justice; your own life will, otherwise, be the forfeit of my escape.

I would to God, rejoined Duplaise, that it might even be so; with what transport should I then embrace my fate! A death, in the act of virtue, how eligible, how desirable! I would not exchange it for the longest and happiest life upon earth.

Brother of the sentiments of my inmost soul cried Valvaise, be it so;—you have conquered—it is but just, that the greater virtue should triumph over the less —He then opened a small casket, and taking a diamond buckle which the king had stript from his own hat, and given to his favourite; Accept of this, my friend, said he, as a kind though little remembrancer! when you shall hereafter look upon it let it remind you, that such a person as your unhappy Valvaise was once among the living.

Duplaise at once turned his head and heart aside from the dazzling temptation; and, thrusting the gift back with a nobly averted hand, talk not to me, he cried, of tokens and remembrances: is there a bit I eat, a respect I receive, any object I see about me, that does not hourly put me in mind of your friendship and your bounty? When my wife and infants are around me, Valvaise smiles in their smiles and comes to my heart in the midst of their caresses. O, my friend, my beloved friend, even next and near to my God! I feel no irksomeness, no weight under your many obligations; the burden is light and delightful unto me; and the sense of my own gratitude doubles every enjoyment that I derive from your affection.

They parted; and Valvaise put on with such speed, that, ere it was turned of noon he had gained upwards of twenty leagues, and deemed himself past danger of caption or pursuit.

His principal attendant then rode up, and taking out a large purse stuffed with gold of different coins, my lord, said he, your friend Duplaise enjoined me not to present you with this, till the distance should put it past your power to return it; and he prays you to accept it, in part of tribute for the revenues which he enjoys for your liberality.

Valvaise, ere night, might have reached the frontiers, and have gotten clear of the dominions and power of Adolphus; but being fatigued, and coming to a large town where Christiern presided, he held it unkind to pass his fellow-student without a visit.

Christiern welcomed his patron with demonstrations of joy, surpassing those of Duplaise, and with respects befitting none save his king, or rather his God. His entertainment was such, that the generous Valvaise deemed it ungrateful not to place an entire confidence in him; and taking him apart, he informed him of the disgrace he was in with his master, and of the tempting reward that was promised for his capture.

The countenance of his host instantly fell on this intelligence, his converse grew confused, and his demeanour constrained. Valvaise, however, was unsuspecting of treachery in the case, till he was awakened by sixty armed men in the morning.

They rudely hastened him to rise; and, having loaded him with chains, they put him into a close carriage, and set out on the way to Stockholm.

In the mean time, disconsolate Adelaide pined in secret during the absence of her beloved, and the hidden malady began to prey upon her health and her complexion. At length she heard of the fatal orders that had issued against her Valvaise; and, casting all concerns save those of her passion aside,

she hurried to court, and precipitately cast herself at the feet of Adolphus, where, happily, none were present save the officers in waiting, who kept a respectful distance.

The king was at once surprised and affected by the suddenness of her appearance and the distress of her action. He would have spoken, but was prevented. Ah, my liege, she exclaimed, what is it that I hear? If Adolphus has death in store for those who wish to lay down their lives for his sake, what recompence does he keep in reserve for traitors; I understand you, replied the monarch; but death is due to all who would deprive me of Adelaide. Valvaise also is a traitor; he confesses himself a traitor; he was seen in your embraces!—That may be my lord, but no eye ever beheld me in the arms of Valvaise.—Let him give me your heart, and I will give him my kingdom.—Ah, my lord, it is a worthless heart, he prizes it not! he would gladly have given it to you with all the kingdoms of the world, and with his own precious heart and life and soul also. I wooed him for myself, he wooed me only for his master; and when I would have retained him by my tears and my caresses, he rent himself from my arms, and vowed, at his departure, that could I have joined heaven to the offer of my person, he would not accept an eternity of bliss at the cost of a single act of infidelity to Adolphus.

O, Adelaide! exclaimed the monarch, you yet know not half his worth: he, alone, can deserve the whole treasure of your affections! I wish to be just and to render you his more than princely merit. He loved, he loved you with passion, while he tore himself from you: but the love of his friend and of virtue, in a breast so noble as his, surpassed even his love of Adelaide

In that instant, the caitiff Christiern broke into the presence. Audacity sat on his brow, and self-approbation exulted through his demeanour. He bowed low at the feet of royalty; but quickly rising again

to the top of his stature, he confidently addressed the throne.

So please you, my liege, you now behold before you the most loyal, the most attached of all subjects that now are, or perhaps ever were upon earth; a man, who, in his fealty and duty to his prince, sinks all other duties, all other considerations. Valvaise and I were bred together from our infancy we were fellow students, sworn brothers; his friendship procured for me whatever I now enjoy of honours or possessions. He lately came to my house, claimed the protection of my roof, and in confidence told me he had the misfortune of falling under your displeasure. But as soon as I understood that he was obnoxious to my king, and that the royal proclamation had issued against him, I became a Sampson in my allegiance; I rent all other ties and obligations to shreds; I had him seized and laden with fetters: and he now attends the sentence that your justice shall pass upon him.

Adolphus, for part of an hour, sat in silent astonishment: he was shocked, he was terrified. He looked on Christiern with a disgusted and indignant eye, as somewhat newly started up, some horrid novelty in nature.

And who, wretch, at length he cried, who told thee, that the breach of all laws, divine and human, that the bursting in sunder of every kindly band of gratitude and friendship, of confidence and hospitality, could give thee a recommendation to the favour of Adolphus? He who feels not these ties, can have no faith, no allegiance; but is equally a traitor to his king and to his God.—Here! take this miscreant, plunge him down into the mines, a thousand fathom deep, from the detesting face of the sun; and let all who are of his blood, be banished our dominions for ever, lest Sweden should shortly be over-run with monsters!

Pale, speechless, and aghast, stood the wretched convict. Eagerly they seized upon him, and hur-

ried him with a frantic kind of joy to execution ; so odious and so unpitied, even in misery, is the guilt of ingratitude !

The king then ordered the prisoner to be introduced. He entered, not proudly, nor yet slavishly trailing his chains along. His countenance was fearless, but modest and dejected ; neither dared he, as he advanced, to raise his eye to the face of a master whom he thought he had injured.

Come you, said the monarch, to reproach your cruel friend for the injustice of his orders ?—Blessed be the orders, returned Valvaise, that give me once more to behold the gracious countenance of my lord !

Then suddenly turning an eye upon Adelaide, he started and changed. Ah madam, he cried, you are here then—Heaven be praised ! You have questionless reformed the errors of a wayward fancy ; and have given up your heart where excellence claims the whole, entire and undivided, and where all that we are, and that we have, is due.—But then I see you not, where I trusted you should soon be exalted ; I see you not on the throne, or at the side of our master—Would you wish then, interrupted the king, to behold your beloved in the arms of your rival ?—From my soul, I wish it, my lord ; because I love her happiness, even more than I love her person.

Adelaide, said the monarch, though you owe me nothing as your lover, you owe me obedience as your king. I command you then to step and unbind the prisoner, and restore him to the arms and to the bosom of his friend.

Adelaide, with trembling hands, and a palpitating heart, her aspect all in a glow, set about her commission ; but prolonged the chains of her beloved, by her haste to set him at liberty.

The monarch then descended, and, advancing with opened arms, he clasped and reclasped Valvaise to his breast. O welcome, thrice welcome, he

cried, to thy late desolate mansion, thy seat within my bosom !—Adelaide has told me all, has borne incontestable testimony to your truth, to an honour that is impassible, to a virtue that rises above seduction, to a friendship that sacrificed whatever you held most dear to the interests of the man who put his confidence in you.—What shall I do, my brother to recompense your love ?—I will try—I will strive to emulate the nobleness of your example.—I will, in my turn, subdue my own passions.—I will restore to your generosity, what I held dearer than empire, dearer than life—I will yield Adelaide to her beloved—and be greater than a king, by resembling Valvaise !

Long silence ensued—Adelaide eagerly looked through the eyes of Valvaise, in search of the inmost emotions of his soul ; and finding them conformable to the generosity of her own sentiments,—No, my lord, she cried, Valvaise will admit of no enjoyment, till the lord of his affections shall be supremely happy ; till you have found to yourself an Adelaide, whose heart is undivided, wholly worthy of you by the constellation of her excellencies.—I first learned to love, by admiring, in Valvaise, that fealty, that fervor of affection which he had for his master ; and could he taste of consolation while you tasted of regret, he would instantly lose the charm by which he engaged me ? I should despise, I should reject him.—No, no, it cannot be ! we jointly vowed and covenanted, at our last parting, to keep separate for your sake ; and not to accept of any happiness, save what virtue and the consciousness of acting nobly might yield.

NETLEY ABBEY:

A GOTHIC STORY.

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(Continued from page 179.)

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CHAPTER XI.

.....

"A land of tyrants and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,

.....

My soul turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display.

Goldsmith.

AS soon as the first tinge of day appeared, young de Villars arose, and began to prepare himself for his meditated expedition. The only difficulty was in disguising himself so effectually that he might not be known to father Peter, or the porter of the abbey. As however, he had only been once seen by them, on the evening of his visiting that monastery, he trusted his person was not so accurately observed as to be discovered under the habit of a strolling minstrel. He therefore equipped himself, and was prepared early in the afternoon to set out.

His dress consisted of a long loose gown of bright green, gathered at the neck and fastened with a silver clasp. A crimson girdle encircled his waist. Round his neck he wore a silver chain, from which depended a small scutcheon of the same metal, embossed with the arms of the college to which he was supposed to belong. On one side of his girdle hung the wrest, or key of his harp; on the other, a neat

silver mounted dagger. His luxuriant locks were concealed under a close cap that came low upon his forehead. An harp, slung over the left shoulder depended before him ; and a pilgrim's staff supported his steps.

Thus disguised he presented himself to the baron who confirmed the improbability of his being discovered, by the surprise he shewed at the singular alteration which this garb had produced in the appearance of his son. He was fully of opinion he might venture to the monastery without danger of detection ; he therefore gave him his blessing, and dismissed him, saying ; " Go my child, and God grant thee success. May he be thy guardian and director in this undertaking, and endow thee with fortitude and prudence to fulfill properly his wise and unsearchable behests." Edward also breathed a silent prayer to the same effect ; and full of ardour and confidence departed cheerfully from the castle.

Eleanora had risen early on the morning of the day succeeding the adventure at Netley castle. A thousand anxieties prayed upon her mind, and disturbed her usual placid slumbers. The recollection of the stranger would perpetually cross her thoughts ; and though she endeavoured to reason herself out of the absurdity of dwelling on the remembrance of one whom perhaps she should never see again, yet her heart tacitly told her, his image was too deeply impressed there, to be erased or obliterated by all the arguments of reason. The threats of sir Hildebrand would then recur, and fill her with dread ; which was by no means lessened at the apprehension of her still being persecuted by his odious addresses. Somewhat also of mystery appeared in the conduct of the baron and his son ; she could not help remarking their unusual bustle and agitation, and her fears as well as curiosity were awakened by seeing her brother in a disguise, new, strange, and unaccountable.

The more she reflected on these various circumstances, the more her uneasiness increased. She wished for an opportunity of unbosoming her anxiety to some one; thus in a degree to lighten its load. Edward, however, was gone, and de Villars had shut himself up in his apartment. She therefore resolved to communicate her emotions to the trusty Beatrice, and accordingly desired she would attend her in a walk through the wood which lay at the back of the castle. Thither they repaired, and soon penetrated far into its solemn glooms.

De Villars had retired to his chamber, to indulge reflection, and give a free scope to his melancholy. It was to the anniversary of that awful day, which had snatched from him the partner of his soul. Several years were now elapsed since this cruel loss; yet the remembrance of it was still fresh in his mind. Time had indeed blunted the arrow of affliction, but nothing could extract it from his heart. It had been his constant custom, ever since the decease of the baroness, to devote the day of her dissolution to solitary sorrow and the contemplation of his own mortality; and his orders were, that no one upon these occasions, should interrupt his privacy. It was for this reason that Eleanora would not disturb her father when she found he was shut up in his chamber; she recollected the purpose of his retirement, and esteemed his grief too sacred to be broken in upon.

The baron, however did not exhaust these hours of seclusion in unavailing tears or passionate exclamations. Something might be allowed to the weakness of human nature on such a sad occasion, but the gush of affliction would be but transient; reason would soon resume its place, and resignation again compose the tumults of his soul. Religion would lend her friendly aid, and bid him look forward to that happy period, when he again should meet the dear departed, and meet to part no more. She too would lift his mind to thankfulness

and gratitude, for the kindness of heaven in having spared to him his children, the props of his declining age. In Edward he beheld every virtue that his fondest wish could fancy; and in the blooming Eleanora all those amiable qualities which had endeared her mother to his soul.

Contemplations of this nature engaged De Villars; "Oh!" exclaimed he, "sacred shade of the departed Isabel, if thy pure spirit can e'er bend a thought to earthly things, sure it must gaze with complacency on thy virtuous offspring; Edward the gallant and the good; and Eleanora whose soul reflects all thy perfections. Perchance, e'en now thou hoverest round them, and delightest to make their safety thy particular charge."

He had just uttered these words, when he was alarmed by the cries of a female in the hall. It was the voice of Beatrice. A sudden and prophetic horror chilled his soul, and he rushed from the apartment to enquire the cause of her distress. She had fainted when he arrived; but immediately recovering, de Villars exclaimed, "where is my child, my Eleanora?" The violence of Beatrice's grief prevented her from answering. The baron half-distracted with apprehension, repeated his question; "where is your mistress? Is my child in safety?" "Alas! my lord, sobbed out Beatrice she is lost—gone for—forever!"—"Merciful God!" returned de Villars, "what dost thou say? Who has robbed me of my darling? What horrible misfortune has torn my Eleanora from her father's bosom, and burst my aged heart?"—"My lord," replied Beatrice, "I will endeavour to compose myself, and relate the circumstances of the disaster which has befallen my beloved mistress; but alas! I fear I ne'er shall see her more."—"Be quick then;" said the baron.—"My lord," resumed Beatrice, "early this afternoon the lady Eleanora ordered me to attend her in a walk through yonder wood.—I obeyed; and we proceeded for a considerable time in a

direction from the castle, being so much occupied by conversation, and the various beauties around us, as not to consider the distance we had strayed. Your daughter, my lord, at length observed that it might be prudent to return. We had scarcely, however, begun to retrace our road, when the noise of horsemen alarmed us; and looking back to discover who they were, there appeared two ill-favored men in the habits of servants, mounted on black horses. On seeing us, they immediately rode up; and one of them looking stedfastly at the lady Eleanora, exclaimed with a tremendous oath, "this is the object of our search."—Both now alighted from their horses, and one seized my mistress, the other myself. We were dreadfully alarmed, and made the woods echo with our cries; the brutes, however, soon deprived us of these means of calling assistance, by gagging our mouths. Having done this, they next secured our hands, binding them firmly behind us. The one who had first spoken, now took my beloved lady in his arms, and lifted her upon the horse; after which he mounted himself, and rode off at a smart pace. The other villain having, as he thought sufficiently secured my hands, took another cord from his doublet, and passing it round my waist, bound me to a tree; "there," cried he, "as you are partial to the woods, I leave you to enjoy the scene at your leisure;" saying this, he clapped spurs to his horse, and followed his comrade.

"Grief and terror lent me, I believe, extraordinary strength; for after struggling some little time, I loosened the knots which fastened my hands and at length liberated both. I instantly removed the gag from my mouth, and the rope from my waist, and returned to the castle with the utmost expedition, that I might communicate the mournful event to your lordship. Heaven knows whither the ruffians have carried my unhappy mistress; but the road they took was that which leads to Netley castle."

A violent shower of tears again gushed from the eyes of Beatrice, and prevented her continuing the melancholy subject. Her last words, however, gave de Villars an idea of the extent of his misfortune. It instantly occurred to his mind, that sir Hildebrand Warren was the author of this violence. The general profligacy of his character ; his conduct at the tournament ; and the obscure menaces he had then thrown out, were circumstances which confirmed his suspicions beyond a doubt. "Execrable villain," exclaimed he, in a voice choaked with agony "to tear from my arms the staff of my sinking years and rob me of the only solace of my woes ! Curses light upon thee, thou spoiler of my peace ! May heaven's blackest vengeance pursue thy steps, and speedy punishment reward thy hellish treachery. But let me not," continued de Villars, "consume the time in useless execrations ; myself will follow the villain, and snatch my daughter from dishonor. What though my arm has lost its former vigor ; heaven which cannot behold such baseness with indifference, will perhaps nerve it with unusual strength, and enable me to regain my Eleanora. But should its decree be otherwise, it will still be some consolation to my spirit, that my heart's blood was spilt in the attempt. Robert," continued the baron to his old domestic, whom the alarm had brought into the hall, "thou wilt not forsake thy lord in this moment of his anguish—bring hither my armour, and let us haste, to the deliverance of my wretched child ; would to God that Edward were here to assist our endeavours."

Robert bowed obedience to de Villars's commands, and retired to execute them. He would indeed have represented the impropriety of attempting the rescue of the lady Eleanora by force, had he not perceived his lord's grief was too violent to listen to the cool suggestions of prudence. He knew that sir Hildebrand Warren's numerous retainers would render vain all the exertions of de Villars

and himself ; and he foresaw the danger of attempting any thing in a hostile manner against so disproportionate a power. But Robert's had been a service of affection, not of bondage ; he loved his lord, and therefore did not hesitate complying with his orders, though it was nearly certain that the execution of them must prove fatal to them both.

In a short space the baron and his attendant were properly equipped, and set out towards the castle of sir Hildebrand. As they rode through the wood, whither de Villars had often wandered with his gentle Eleanora, every tree, every glade brought her to his remembrance. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and his bosom swelled with agonizing emotions, while busy recollection painted her to him in each little act of affection and duty ; soothing him with her own conversation, or listening with fond attention to his. His soul was absorbed by the most profound grief, and he had imperceptibly reached the extremity of the wood, when his attention was roused by the cry of Robert, who in a tone of extacy exclaimed, " my lord, my lord, behold the lady Eleanora !"

De villars now cast his eyes forwards, but what words can express the sensations of his bosom when he perceived at a small distance, his daughter and a knight in armour, both on foot, and directing their steps towards him. In the wildness of excessive joy he threw himself from his horse, and had almost reached the object of his search, before she observed his approach. A shriek of delight was the first symptom which Eleanora gave of recollecting her parent ; she rushed towards him, and sunk senseless into his arms.

De Villars was too much overcome with conflicting emotions to be able to assist in restoring her senses ; but the knight, unclasping his helmet, hastened to an adjoining brook, and taking a little of the water from it, soon recalled her to life and recollection.

The first few minutes of returning reason were consumed by de Villars and his daughter, in mutual gratulations ; and it was sometime before the former could sufficiently collect himself to pay any attention to Eleanora's companion. At length, however, he turned towards him, and was on the point of enquiring by what extraordinary means he had rescued his child from the danger with which she was threatened, when he discovered, by the color of his armour, the device of his shield, and the azure scarf which he wore, that the youth before him was no other than the gallant stranger who had so signally displayed his skill and prowess at the tournament of sir Hildebrand Warren.—“ Knight,” said the baron, “ pardon me for having thus long omitted to express my obligations, at being once more put into possession of the treasure of my soul; for I cannot doubt but that to your gallantry, I owe the recovery of my child. My admiration and esteem you acquired at Netley castle ; accept now my gratitude and friendship, the poor returns for an obligation that never can be cancelled.—But come sir knight, let us proceed to my mansion, and indulge me, on our walk, with the particulars of this unhoped for event.”

The youth returned his acknowledgments to de Villars for his kindness ; he assured him that in rescuing the lady Eleanora from violence, and giving her back to her father, he felt the most lively pleasure ; that, however, as he had now placed her under secure and proper protection, it was necessary for him to depart ; he had affairs of a nature the most important to execute, which would not admit of delay but that should it please heaven to grant him success in the undertaking which then engaged his attention, he would speedily pay his respects in person at the castle of de Villars.

The baron saw it would be in vain to press the stranger further, to accompany Eleanora and himself to their dwelling ; once more therefore he re-

peated the dictates of his gratitude, and fervently pressing his hand, bade him adieu : the knight taking a graceful leave of his companions, turned about and walked hastily towards the extremity of the wood.

On his departure, first the enquiries of the baron were relative to the escape of his daughter from the villains who had surprised Beatrice and herself ; he informed her of what particulars he was already apprised, together with his own suspicions as to the original author of this piece of perfidy ; and requested she would continue the detail from the moment of her separation from her attendant.

" My lord," replied Eleanora, " I was so alarmed by the sudden and ferocious appearance of the horsemen, their threatening language and boisterous treatment, that for some minutes after one of them had bound, and placed me on his horse, I lost my recollection entirely, and sunk into insensibility. On my recovery, I perceived we had already emerged from the wood, and had entered the road which leads to the castle of sir Hildebrand Warren. My real situation at once flashed upon my mind ; I saw myself the victim of a wretch whose vicious soul was equal to the undertaking of any villainy, and whose power gave him the opportunity of executing it with impunity. I was unable to interest the compassion or attention of my conductor by prayers, or promises, as he had taken care to render me incapable of speech by gagging my mouth ; and the rapidity of our motion convinced me that a short time would convey me to the place of destination.

—Great God ! what agony shook my bosom, what despair filled my soul, when I heard the other villain, who had joined us, exclaim to his companion ; there was now no danger to be feared : he had silenced my attendant, and her mistress would be soon safely lodged in Netley castle." —

" I lifted up my streaming eyes to heaven, and silently implored the protection of the most high,

whose arm alone I thought could now save me from destruction. The guardian of the wretched heard my petition, and at that moment, a knight appeared on horse-back from a little covert, to the right of the road. The hope of relief gave me preternatural strength ; I freed my right arm from the cord which bound it, and snatching the instrument from my mouth, uttered a loud and piercing shriek.

" This sound of distress caught the stranger's attention, and he instantly turned his horse towards us. My conductor, in the mean time, ordered the other horseman to precede him, and to endeavour to persuade the knight not to obstruct his progress; but, if he should prove obstinate, to attack him without further ceremony. At the same time he assured me, with the most horrible oaths, that should I continue my cries it would be the worse for me when I arrived at his lord's mansion.

" Unmindful however, of his menaces, I redoubled my entreaties for the assistance of the knight, who I now discovered to be the same that had overcome sir Hildebrand in the tournament. In a few minutes he reached the first horseman.—Their conversation was but momentary, Almost instantly unsheathing their swords, they attacked each other fiercely ; but after a short conflict, the stranger cleft his antagonist to the ground.—The moment my conductor perceived the fate of his companion, fearing a similar one himself, he loosened the string which bound me to my saddle, and spurring his horse with great rage, the animal gave a sudden start, that threw me with violence to the ground.—I was stunned with the fall ; the attentions, however, of my deliverer, who had dismounted from his palfrey, soon restored me ; and I had the satisfaction of finding when I recovered, that the surviving villain was already out of sight.

" The knight endeavoured to compose the evident tumult of my spirits, which had been greatly agitated with this quick succession of extraordinary

events, by every means means in his power. He bade me consider myself as now perfectly safe; that he would protect me at the hazard of his existence; nor would he forsake his charge till he had again restored me to the arms of my honored parent. This promise, my lord, he was performing, when the happy and unexpected meeting with yourself, made any further trouble on his part unnecessary."

De Villars listened to the detail of his daughter, with mingled emotions of terror, wonder, delight and gratitude. Casting his eye to heaven, he breathed his pious thanks to the great disposer of human affairs for the unlooked for deliverance of his child; then, after some minutes pause, he thus addressed her. "Eleanora, I have been revolving in my mind, the singular events which have this day befallen you, and their probable consequences. The, former, thanks be to heaven, have terminated happily; but the latter, I fear, are teeming with danger to us all. Sir Hildebrand Warren, the contriver of this attack on the peace of our family, will not be deterred from further attempts by this disappointment. I know his rancorous, his relentless heart; I know too his power, which we are utterly unable to resist. E'er this time he is probably acquainted with the ill-success of his scheme, and the means by which it was defeated; and may have already formed some new plan, more violent, more certain of succeeding.

"Nothing then, my child, is left for us, but speedy flight from England. My enquiries relative to the barons who were said to have confederated together against the vicious government of the king's favorite, have been hitherto without effect; that safety therefore which I had secretly looked to from their protection, I must cease now to hope for. In my native land, it is probable I shall still find some connections, some friends of the de Villars family remaining, who may extend their assistance to my

fallen branch ; but should I be unknown or forgotten there, it will yet be better to sink into quiet and happy poverty in a spot where our domestic peace shall be secure, than continue here in comparative affluence, exposed to the attempts of a powerful villain. Let to-morrow night then, my child, be the time of our departure ; be it your care to collect together whatever may be of use to us in our retirement ; myself and Edward will by that time have prepared a vessel to transport us to the coast of Normandy."

Eleanora heard her father with mingled pleasure and pain ; to fly from the violence of the hateful sir Hildebrand Warren could not but be agreeable to her ; yet, when she reflected that in leaving her country, she lost, at the same time, all hope of ever again beholding her deliverer ; him to whom she had surrendered her virgin heart, to whom she was bound by the strongest ties of gratitude and love, she felt that acute sensation of distress, with which the anticipation of perpetual absence from the object of regard, will wring the bosom of disinterested affection.

Parental obedience, however, was a leading principle in Eleanora's soul ; she respectfully agreed in the propriety of the baron's plans, and with a well-counterfeited appearance of cheerfulness, endeavoured to dissipate her father's gloom during the remainder of their walk to the castle.

CHAPTER XI.

....

Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost.

Gay.

IT will now be necessary for us to return to Edward, and attend him in his expedition to the Abbey.

That he might be the less liable to discovery, he had determined not to visit this religious house till towards evening ; and accordingly amused himself the better part of the afternoon, in wandering thro' the deep woods with which it was surrounded. Agitated by hope, fear, expectation, and curiosity, the time passed but slowly on ; at length, however, he beheld the mellow tints of the setting sun, glittering through the opening glades, and leaving his retirement, he proceeded to the monastery.

Twice he lifted the massive knocker of the gate, without resolution to demand admittance. The consciousness of his disguise, and of the dissimulative part which he was preparing to act, took from him, in a degree, that confidence which the dignity of ingenuousness will ever inspire. When, however, he reflected on the uprightness of his intentions, and the extraordinary occurrences he had witnessed, that seemed to call him to the adventure in which he was engaged, his wonted composure returned, and raising his arm a third time, he thundered loudly at the portal.

One of the brethren immediately obeyed the summons, and, opening the gate, enquired his business. "Friend," replied the youth, "I am as thou seest, a travelling minstrel. In journeying to the castle of sir Hildebrand Warren, I have been bewildered in the mazes of these woods, and am fallen, by accident, on your Abbey. As the shades of night are now descending, I crave the hospitality of your order ; refreshment for my exhausted frame, and a bed for my repose." "Brother," said the monk, "my lord abbot will be right glad of your arrival ; 'tis long since our retirement has been enlivened by the merry tones of a minstrel's harp." Saying this he took Edward by the hand, and led him to the refectory where the abbot was seated. He received the youth cordially ; and, without appearing at all to suspect his disguise, bid him heartily welcome, The occasional relaxation, indeed, of the minstrel,

was almost the only sort of amusement permitted to the monastics of these ages ; and as this varied agreeably the dull monotony of their indolent lives, the temporary visits of this profession, were always received with pleasure and satisfaction.

It was not long before Edward was required to give a specimen of his art ; a request which he readily complied with, to the great delight of his attentive audience. Father Peter was particularly gratified ; he had little that was spiritual about him, his retirement from the world having been dictated entirely by selfish motives. Profligate and licentious in principle, but without riches to indulge his propensities, he easily saw that his means of gratification would increase, by entering into a profession, that promised, from the circumstances of the times, affluence, leisure, and safety to its members. In sir Hildebrand Warren, he found a patron exactly to his taste ; and as abbot of Netley, with a society of monks devoted to his service, had enjoyed ample opportunities of perpetrating almost every crime, which can stain human nature.

The excesses of the table were amongst the abbot's vices ; and as the popular ballads which Edward recited had given him an unusual flow of spirits, the bowls of wine, by his example, circulated very briskly. This our disguised youth encouraged as much as possible, excusing himself, at the same time, from joining in their frequent potations ; an abstinence that afforded no little entertainment to the brethren of the convent,

Midnight at length approached, and Edward was happy to hear the abbot, in accents scarcely articulate from intoxication, give directions to a lay-brother to shew the minstrel to his chamber. Thither he retired, and seating himself upon the bed, resolved to wait patiently till such time as the whole convent should be wrapt in slumber, before he commenced his search. We may readily suppose that this interval of suspense was not passed with-

out anxiety. The novelty of his situation, the uncertainty of success, the danger of detection, all conspired to agitate his mind ; and the bell of the convent tolled one, e'er he had sufficiently collected himself to proceed to the execution of his plan. At length, however, he started from his seat, and taking the taper in his left hand, and the dagger in his right, he softly left his chamber.

Not knowing to what particular spot to direct his steps, he followed the windings of a passage which faced the room he came from. As this led him by the dormitories of the monks, he was obliged to use all his caution lest the sound of his footsteps should awaken the sleeping brethren. Having passed these, the cloisters next presented themselves, through which the wind roared in sullen murmurs. Edward hesitated for a moment, whether he should traverse this dreary pile, or confine his scrutiny to the body of the building, and had already formed a determination to return, when a sudden crash like the bursting open of a door, at the extremity of the cloister, excited his curiosity, and impelled him to proceed.

The wind was so violent that he could with difficulty prevent his taper from being extinguished ; he walked carefully to the spot whence the noise seemed to come, and soon perceived it was occasioned by the recoil of a small door, which not being locked, had been blown open by a sudden gust of air.

A long and narrow passage here displayed itself, but the dimness of his taper did not allow him an opportunity of seeing to what it led. He resolved, notwithstanding, to discover its termination, and entered it accordingly ; but scarce had he proceeded three paces, before a second blast of wind again closed the door, extinguished the light, and left Edward in perfect darkness.

Horror, for a moment, seized him, when, on feeling for the wicket, he perceived the spring of the

lock had caught on its return and that he was irremediably confined within the passage.—A conviction of imminent danger, without being able to ascertain its nature or source, is the most terrifying of all mental emotions ; the imagination, not confined by any definite idea, hurries into the wildest extravagance, and pictures horrors which can only exist in the whims of fancy.—Conscious rectitude, however, soon calmed the tumult of Edward's bosom ; he breathed an ejaculation to heaven, and determined to proceed. Placing his hand, therefore, against the wall, he walked cautiously on, regretting now the misfortune which had occurred, only as it threatened to deprive him of all further opportunity of prosecuting his search.

He continued pacing the passage in this deliberate manner some time, when his ear was suddenly surprised by the faint sound of instrumental harmony. The youth listened attentively ; in a few moments the notes were repeated, accompanied by a female voice, which died away in a cadence ravishingly sweet.

Astonishment and delight fixed him to the spot again he called up his attention, and a third time the united melody thrilled on his ear, and gradually sunk into silence as before. The dream, with all its circumstances, now rushed on Edward's mind ; he doubted not that the mystery which had so long perplexed him, was about to be unfolded, and panting with expectation, he again proceeded,

All, once more, was silence and darkness ; he moved on however, till his progress was impeded by something against which his foot struck, with a shock that nearly overthrew him. Stooping down to ascertain what it might be, he found it was a massive trap door, so warped by time or weather, as to render it incapable of being closely shut. This he endeavoured to lift up, though for some time without effect.

Summoning at length all his power into one exertion, he raised the ponderous slab, and immediately discovered, by a faint gleam of light which streamed through the aperture, a flight of stone stairs, terminating in another passage. These he descended without hesitation; and scarcely had reached the bottom, ere he was again ravished with the harmonious sounds he had before heard, which now burst more rich, full, and clearly on his ear.

A small door with an iron grating in it, (which emitted the imperfect light that had enabled Edward to descend the stairs) appeared at the end of the passage. He advanced softly towards it, his heart palpitating with unutterable emotions. But what was his astonishment and rapture, when, on looking through the grate he beheld the real form of the enchanting female, whose portrait his fancy had presented to him in the visions of the night.

For a moment he doubted the evidence of his eyes, and could not avoid believing himself the dupe of a fervent imagination. A short time, however, restored his recollection, and enabled him to observe minutely the scene before him.

The room or cell into which the grated door afforded entrance, appeared to be a square of about twelve feet, vaulted above, but without any opening to admit the light of day. In one corner of it might be seen another wicket, communicating apparently with an inner apartment. The furniture consisted merely of a table and chair; both of the most homely workmanship, on the former of which stood an ivory crucifix, and a lighted waxen taper. In short the appearance of the whole together, indicated the apartment to be a subterraneous prison. But what attracted Edward's attention most particularly, was, the interesting figure who seemed to be the only inhabitant of this gloomy abode. She was seated at the table, and held a lute in her hand; the strings of which she swept in the most graceful manner,

warbling at the same time an evening hymn to the blessed virgin. Her age appeared to be about nineteen; she was of the middle size, but fashioned with the nicest symmetry. Her countenance was open, ingenuous and lovely; her complexion clear, dazzling, and transparent; her eye dark, animated, and intelligent. Luxuriant ringlets of auburn hair fell carelessly over her shoulders, and served as a beautiful contrast to the snowy whiteness of a bosom which nature had modelled with all her care.

Edward gazed on this image of perfection without the power of utterance; his bosom soon acknowledged an emotion hitherto unknown to him, that indescribable passion produced by a combination of all the finer sensibilities in our nature. Totally absorbed in rapturous contemplation, he would perhaps, have continued some time thus uselessly silent, had he not been roused by a shriek which came from the lady, who had accidentally lifted up her eyes, and been terrified by the appearance of a strange face at the grate. Edward, hurt at the alarm which he thus involuntarily excited, immediately endeavored to dissipate it; "lovely pattern of excellence," said he, "let not your bosom entertain a fear on my account. In me you behold the son of baron de Villars, the protector of innocence, the reliever of distress.—Heaven has sent me hither to be the instrument of your deliverance and my blood shall gladly be spilt in the glorious adventure."

These words he uttered with all the warmth and energy of truth, nor did the fair stranger hesitate at giving immediate credit to them. Guilt alone can entertain suspicion; but as the former had not stained her soul, the latter could meet with no reception there. "Generous youth," returned the lady, "pardon the involuntary expression of surprise which your unexpected appearance drew from me. Long since alas! have I beheld that grating only with horror and affright, since every face which it

presented to my view was that of a deadly foe.—Your benevolent offer of assistance I receive with gratitude unspeakable; nor will the son of de Villars find that I am an object altogether unworthy of his notice or compassion. But," continued she, after a moment's pause, "your attempt must be, I fear, in vain, since the door which confines me within this horrible dungeon, is fastened by a lock too strong for our united strength to break."

Edward, for the first time, examined the fastening, which, to his mortification, he found was a ponderous lock, that threw its bolt into the stone lintel of the door-way. For some time he endeavored, by various artifices, to force it back, but without effect. At length the dagger occurred to his recollection. This he introduced into the cavity which received the bolt, and pressing it hard upon the end of the latter, it flew back, and the door grated on its hinges.

Edward now entered the chamber, and approaching the lady, he again assured, her in the most respectful terms, of his real character, and determined resolution to deliver her at the hazard of his life. "But come," continued he, "fair maid, let us escape without delay from these gloomy regions; the convent is still wrapt in slumber, and we may now retire unobserved from its walls." Mingled emotions agitated the mind of the lady, and disabled her from replying; she gave her hand, however, to the son of de Villars with all the confidence of virtue, and quitted the scene of her confinement.

Taking the taper from the table, Edward retraced his road, till they came to the door which had been closed by the violence of the wind. With the assistance of the light and dagger, he soon managed to open this also; and repassing the cloisters, quickly arrived at the great gate of the monastery. But here a difficulty occurred, of which he had not been aware, the fastenings of this were so

massive, that he in vain endeavored to remove them by the means he had employed in his two similar attempts—and all violence was precluded, by the fear of disturbing the sleeping monks. In this dilemma, his fair companion accidentally casting her eye to the wall at the right of the gate, discovered a small niche, and looking into it, beheld the keys, which were accustomed to be deposited there for the convenience of the porter. She instantly communicated the important discovery to Edward, who snatching them down, applied them to the locks, and softly opening the convent gate, led his charge without the walls. He then once more turned the keys, and hid them under a stone, that, in case of an alarm, the monks might not be able to make an immediate pursuit.

The agitation of the lady during these critical moments was extreme ; the fear of being discovered e're they could effect a retreat, and being again immured in the dreadful dungeon she had left shook her with alarm ; and the idea of the danger to which young de Villars would be exposed, in case of a surprise, (whose figure and manners had already made the most pleasing impression on her mind,) added to the generous girl's distress.—Edward, however, as soon as he had relocked the gate, endeavored to dissipate her alarm, with every assurance of safety and protection. The baron's mansion, he observed, was but at a small distance from the abbey ; thither he would lead her in a short time, and present her to those who should make her future happiness their care. "But let me entreat you," said he "fair sufferer, to indulge me with a detail of the circumstances that placed you in the terrible abode from which I have had the happiness to release you. What obdurate villany, what monstrous cruelty, could e'er treat such excellence so undeservedly ?" "Pardon me, gallant youth," returned the lady, "if I do not now comply with your request. My story is long, and

melancholy ; nor do I find myself equal, in the present tumult of my spirits, to relate its mournful particulars. On the morrow I will willingly unfold it ; when the baron, your father, who I full well know will be interested in the narrative, may have an opportunity of hearing it."

Edward, of course, immediately waved his wish ; and turning the discourse to indifferent subjects, agreeably whiled away the time till he brought his charge to the castle of de Villars. On his arrival, he called up the domestics, and having desired Beatrice to awaken her mistress, had soon an opportunity of recommending the fair stranger to Eleanora. He then bade them both adieu, and retired to his chamber.

(To be concluded)

THESSALONICA :

A ROMAN STORY.

.....

(Concluded from page 195.)

.....

THIS unhappy man was not destitute of courage ; but he was willing to avoid that lingering and dreadful death to which he was doomed. He was, besides, penetrated with indignation at the injustice of his sentence. He, therefore, retorted the curses that were heaped upon him, both because he conceived them to be unmerited, and because he wished to exasperate the mob to inflict a speedy death.

Those who followed him were the vilest of the vile ; base, sanguinary and impetuous, delighting in tumult, prone to violence, and stimulated by revenge for those who had been stifled in the press, or slain by the tribunes. Macro had not gone many

steps before the officers who guarded him were driven to a distance. The mob, enraged by his taunts, took the work of justice into their own hands, and Macro received from their pikes and clubs that death which he sought.

The magistrates were quickly informed of this event. They had been accustomed, on similar cases to vindicate their authority by the aid of the soldiers. This expedient was now impracticable or hazardous, and they sat in powerless inactivity, consoling themselves with the hope that the popular indignation would be appeased by this victim.

Relieved from the dread of military execution, multitudes, though the night was somewhat advanced, resorted from the senate house, and hall of justice, to the circus. The kindred and friends of the dead hastened to ascertain their true condition, and to bestow upon them funeral rites.

The circus and its avenues quickly overflowed with inquisitive or anxious spectators. Innumerable torches were borne to and fro; women hung over the bodies of their husbands, fathers and sons, and filled the air with outcries and wailings: some explored the courts and passages in search of those who were missing, while others, lifting corpses in their arms, bent homeward their steps, in tumultuous procession, and with far-heard laments.

Meanwhile, several witnesses informed the magistrates of the stone which had been thrown at Botheric, and at length the name, and character, and guilt of Eustace were detected. Eustace was justly regarded as the immediate author of this calamity. He was likewise a soldier, and his detection and punishment might be expected eminently to gratify the military. It would transfer, in some degree, the guilt of this sedition from the people to their own order.

Officers were quickly dispersed, throughout the city, in search of the fugitive. Eustace had seen his enemy fall. Momentary exultation was followed

by terror, and he made haste to shroud himself from inquiry and suspicion in an obscure habitation near the port.

He had secured his passage in a barque, which designed to set sail, next morning, for Ptolemais, in Syria. He meant to go on board at the dawn of day, and hoped mean-while, to be unthought of, and unknown.

It was peculiarly unfortunate for this wretch, that a mariner, belonging to this vessel, happened to be stationed at his elbow when the stone was thrown. The mariner had been present when Eustace had contracted for his passage with the master of the barque; hence arose his knowledge of Eustace. He was a way-farer; had been attracted, by a natural curiosity, to the circus; had gazed, with wandering eyes and beating heart, upon the tumult; and, in the fluctuations of the mob, had undesignedly been placed by the side of the assassin.

He had afterwards listened to the voice of the herald, summoning before the magistrate all who possess any knowledge of the author and circumstances of the insurrection. His timidity, the child of inexperience, deterred him from disclosing his knowledge, till he himself became, by a concurrence of events not necessary to be mentioned, the object of suspicion, and was dragged by public officers to the tribunal of the prefect. He then explained his knowledge of Eustace, and pointed him out as the only agent.

This tale, though insufficient to rescue the mariner from danger, occasioned diligent search to be made for Eustace. The master of the barque was acquainted with the past condition and present views of the soldier, and his evidence suggested to the magistrate the expedient of placing officers on board the vessel, who, if the assassin should not be previously detected, might seize him as he entered the ship, in pursuance of his contract with the captain.

This expedient was successful. Eustace ventured

from his recess in the dusk of morning; proceeded unmolested to the port, and put himself on board the vessel, which was anchored at some distance from the quays. At the moment when he began to exult in his escape, he was seized, pinioned, and conducted, without delay, to the presence of the judge. The testimony of the mariner, and his own confession, extorted by the fear of torment, established his guilt. The prefect lost no time in informing Walimer and his tribunes of the measures which had been adopted; and offered to deliver Eustace into their hands, to be treated in what manner they thought proper. The offer was readily, though ungraciously accepted.

Eustace had been detained in the hall, the magistrate fearing that the same outrage would be perpetrated by the people, on this criminal, if he were placed within their reach, of which Macro had already been the victim. A band of soldiers from the citadel received him at the door of the hall, and surrounding him with sullen visages and drawn swords, returned, in hostile array, to their quarters. The windows and galleries that overlooked their march, were filled with silent and astonished gazers.

The succeeding day passed in a state of general suspense. Men had leisure to ruminate upon the consequences that impended, and to wonder at the change that had so abruptly taken place in their condition. Fear and hope struggled in their bosoms. All customary occupations and pursuits were laid aside. Neighbours assembled to communicate to each other the story of what themselves had witnessed or endured, or recount their imminent danger in the press, and their hair-breadth escapes, to expatiate on the movements of the soldiery, and propagate their terrors of the future.

Upwards of three hundred citizens perished on this occasion. The cemeteries were opened, and funeral processions were every where seen. Though the streets were crowded, and the whole city was

in motion, appearances exhibited a powerful contrast to the impetuositics and clamours of the preceding day. The pavements were beaten by numberless feet; but every movement was grave and slow. Discourse was busy, but was carried on in whispers, and, instead of horrid uproar, nothing but murmurs, indistinct and doubtful, assailed the ear. The very children partook of the general consternation and awe.

At noon-day, a messenger from the citadel demanded admission to the prefect, whom he acquainted with the intention of the soldiers to celebrate, on the ensuing evening, and at the spot where they fell, the obsequies of Botheric and his officers. This intention, however hazardous or inconvenient to the city, could not be thwarted or changed — This ceremony was likely to exasperate the grief of the soldiers all of whom would be present and partake in it. Some fatal impulse of indignation, some inauspicious rumour or groundless alarm, might unseasonably start into birth. The night would lend its cloak to purposes of cruelty, and, before a new day, the city might be wrapt in flames, and ten thousand victims might be offered to the shade of Botheric.

In this emergency the Senate were once more convened, and their counsel required. They deputed one of their members to the citadel, in order to gain from Walimer, a clear explanation of his purposes. This officer maintained a stately reserve and ambiguous silence. His demeanour plunged them deeper into uncertainty. Many put the blackest construction on his words, and forboded, that the coming night would be signalized by indiscriminate massacre and havoc.

How to avert this evil was a subject of fruitless deliberation. One measure was obviously prudent. The people were informed of the ceremony that was about to take place, were exhorted to stay in their houses, and assured, that nothing was intended by

the soldiers, but honour to their chiefs. The danger of tumultuous concourse, or panic apprehensions, at such a time, was evident.

The Senators, however, were destitute of that confidence which they endeavoured to instil into the people. Some, at the approach of night, secretly withdrew from the city. The guards, posted at the gates, suffered all to pass without question or hindrance. Others, more irresolute, or less timorous, remained; but they armed their domestics, and closed their doors, or made preparations to fly or conceal themselves on the first alarm. Spies were directed to hover round the circus, or were posted on the turrets of the houses, to watch the first glimmering of torches, or the remotest sound of footsteps.

The people were sufficiently aware of the danger of crowding to a spectacle like this. The assurance of the magistrates suppressed all but nameless and indefinable terrors. They withdrew to their homes, when several trumpets from the ramparts announced, at the appointed hour, that the military procession was begun.

By various avenues which led to the circus, the army repaired thither, and forming a circle round the pile, on which the remains of the officers were laid, they silently beheld them consumed. Eustace was stabbed by the hands of Walimer; and many of the soldiers could not be restrained from pouring out their blood at this altar. The flames that ascended from this pile were seen at a great distance. It was watched with unspeakable solicitude, by those that remained in the city. Those at a distance were left in uncertainty whether it was from a funeral pile, or indicated the commencement of a general conflagration.

The flame and the light attendant on it gradually disappeared. An interval of ominous repose succeeded. The troops peaceably returned to their quarters. Those only who dwelt in the streets

through which their march lay, were conscious of their movements. The rest of the city were hushed in profound and uninterrupted repose.

Next day the tumult of consternation and suspense somewhat subsided. Still, however, all classes were penetrated with dread. The sentence of the prince was yet unknown. To what measures his indignation would hurry him, was a topic of foreboding.

In pursuance of the directions of the Senate, the prefect had dispatched, early in the morning, a messenger to *Mediolanum*. A faithful narrative of this transaction had been drawn up, in which the partial, abrupt, and unpremeditated nature of the tumult was copiously displayed. The messenger was charged to deliver this statement to Acilius, one of the imperial ministers, of whom the prefect was a kinsman, and on whose good offices with the prince there was the utmost reason to rely.

The horsemen whom Valimer had sent upon the same errand, were better mounted, pursued their journey with more diligence, and had set out several hours sooner than the herald of the Senate. In fifteen days they arrived at the capital, and hastened to communicate their tidings to Rufinus, a minister who had long enjoyed the highest place in the Emperor's favor.

Rufinus and Botheric had contracted a political alliance, the purpose of which was, to secure to the former the civil administration, and to the latter the highest military authority in the empire. This unexpected catastrophe blasted the hopes of Rufinus. His efforts had been directed to remove and destroy all his competitors in favor, and to place the whole power of the state in the hands of himself and of his creatures. Theodosius regarded Botheric with singular and almost paternal affection. Rufinus had married the sister of the chief, and embarked his fortunes in the same cause.

The messengers had delivered their message to

Rufinus in a secret audience; but his wife recognizing her countrymen, and the soldiers of her brother, took measures to obtain from them the substance of their tidings. Her grief gave place to revenge, and she used the most powerful means to stimulate the zeal of her husband in what she deemed the cause of justice. Rufinus was sufficiently disposed to avenge the blood of her kinsman, in that of the rebellious city.

The monarch was sitting at a banquet when his minister rushed into his presence, and, with every symptom of grief, communicated the fatal news, that Botheric, his faithful soldier, the support of his throne, and the guardian of his children, had been murdered, with every circumstance of wanton cruelty, by the people of Thessalonica.

The Emperor, starting from his seat, expressed, at the same time, his incredulity and horror at this news. The former sentiment was overpowered by the arts of the minister, who produced the letter that had just been received, and the men who had brought it. The horsemen, on being interrogated, gave a minute, though exaggerated and fallacious picture of the tumult. The messengers were unacquainted with its true causes, and the most accurate statement, which it was in their power to make, would have left the hearers in astonishment at the savage ferocity of the Thessalonians.

Incredulity at length gave place to rage. In the first transport of his fury he vowed to obliterate the offending city from the face of the earth. The cholerick temper of Theodosius was capable of transporting him to the wildest excesses. These excesses, when reason resumed its power, were beheld in their genuine deformity, and were productive of exquisite remorse. Rufinus, therefore, was eager to improve the opportunity, and before the paroxysm of passion should subside, to extort from him a sanguinary edict.

It was not possible, indeed, for malice to contrive

an higher provocation than this. There was little danger that his passion should subside, if it were not assailed by the lenient counsels and remonstrances of others. This, however, would certainly happen as soon as the disaster was publicly known, and was, therefore, to be prevented by dispatch.

Rufinus assumed the specious office of assuaging his master's resentment. He perceived the folly of demolishing towers, and walls, and habitations, on account of an offence committed by those who resided within them. It was just to punish the guilty people; but to slay them on the very stage of their crimes was all that equity demanded.

The punishment could not follow too soon upon the heel of the offence, and the soldiers of Botheric were the suitable ministers of vengeance. There was no danger that their hands would be tied by scruples or commiseration. The death of the people was, indeed, claimed by the justice of the soldiers as well as of the prince, and should that justice be refused by the monarch, the troops would not fail, being in possession of fortifications and arms, to execute it of their own accord. The punishment could not be prevented, and if his sanction should be refused, their deed would constitute them rebels to his authority, and the fairest city in his empire would thus be torn from his possession.

These motives were artfully, though needlessly insinuated. The Emperor eagerly affixed his seal and his signature to the warrant which condemned the people of the most illustrious and populous of Roman cities to military execution.

Rufinus knew, that to the complete execution of this sentence, it was necessary the preliminary measures should be secret. A knowledge of their fate would impel numbers to flight, and others, urged by despair, would rush into rebellion, and oppose force by force. There was likewise but one method in which justice could be fully executed. By assembling the whole body of the people in the cir-

cus, the task imposed on their assassins would be with more facility executed, and the theatre of their offences would be made, as justice required, the scene of their punishment.

With these views, the horsemen, a few hours after their arrival, set out on their return, with secret directions to Walimer, under the Emperor's own seal, to collect the people in the circus, under pretence of an equestrian exhibition, and slay them to a man.

The number of people did not fall short of three hundred thousand. Rufinus laid claim to the praise of clemency, in withstanding the fury of his master, whose revenge reluctantly consented to spare one. The criminals were naturally supposed to consist of males of mature age, and justice was thought to be satisfied with the destruction of one third of this number. The circus usually contained between twenty and thirty thousand spectators.

These messengers were likewise charged with letters to Julius Malchus, the prefect, in which he was informed, that the prince had received the tidings of what had lately happened. Much regret was expressed for the fate of Botheric, and the magistrate was charged to execute speedy and condign justice on the authors of the tumult. To shew, however, that Theodosius confided in the zeal of the civil magistrates, that he discriminated between the innocent and guilty, and that, notwithstanding these outrages, he had not withdrawn his affection from his people, he authorised the magistrates to publish his forgiveness, and in testimony of his sincerity, to invite them to a splendid exhibition of the public games.

A tedious interval elapsed between the departure and return of Walimer's messengers. This interval was big with anxiety and suspense. The popular disquiet and impatience increased as the day approached which was to decide their fate, Antioch, which three years before had committed a

less atrocious offence, and which had escaped with the utmost difficulty, a sentence of extermination, was universally remembered, and was the parent of rueful prognostics.

The attention which regular pursuits and sober duties required, was swallowed up by this growing fear. Ears were open to nothing but rumors and conjectures, and the popular mind was alternately agonized with terror, and elated with hope. Sleep was harrassed with terrific dreams, and, in many, even the appetite for food was suspended by their mournful presages.

If there be any proportion between evils inflicted and suffered, the death of Botheric was *retributed* a thousand fold, in a single day after its occurrence; but twenty-eight days elapsed, and each hour added to the weight of apprehension which oppressed the last.

The distance by land, and round the head of the Hadriatic, from Thessalonica to the Imperial residence, was eight hundred and seventy-five miles. The journey, therefore, though pursued with little intermission, by means of post-horses, and covered litters, could not be effected in less than fourteen days. One day would be consumed in deliberation, and an equal period of fourteen days would elapse, before letters could be received from Mediolanum by the public carriers.

These messengers, dispatched by Malchus, were outstripped, on expedition, by those of Walimer, and the Emperor's letters were delivered to the prefect one day sooner than was expected by him. He dreaded to unclothe the packet, perceiving, that the information received by the ministers had gone through the hands of the soldiers, by whom the truth would unavoidably be perverted. The Senate was convened, and the dispatches laid before them.

Intimations of this event reached the people, A Senatorial meeting, at an uncustomary hour, was

prolific of conjecture and alarm. Multitudes hastened to the Senate house, and the members of that body forced their way, with difficulty, through the crowd which besieged the entrance. The tumult and clamor became so great, that the prefect was obliged to postpone the opening of the packets till a Senator had exhorted the multitude to order and forbearance, and explained the purport of the meeting, promising to return as soon as the decision of the Emperor was known, and impart to them the tidings.

This assurance was followed by a general pause. Every murmur was hushed. Every eye was fixed in anxious gaze, upon the door through which the Speaker had withdrawn from their sight, and at which he was momentarily expected to re-appear. The uproar of a troubled sea was succeeded by a portentous calm, and the silence of death.

At length the magistrate came forth. The joy, indicated by his countenance, did not escape the general observation. Their hopes were elated, and exultation spoke forth from every mouth, as soon as the forgiveness and gracious condescension of the prince were made known. He was heard, distinctly, by few; but the rapturous exclamations of those conveyed the import of the speech to the most distant spectators.

The joyous tidings were diffused with unspeakable celerity. Pleasure was proportioned to the dread that had lately prevailed. Fire and the sword were ready to involve them in a common ruin; but these evils were averted, and not only their pristine security returned, but their darling sports, with new embellishments, were to be renewed. The exhibitions of the circus were ordered to take place on the next day.

The streets resounded with mutual congratulations. Laughter, and song, and dance, and feasting, and magnificent illuminations, and processions to the churches, to pour forth the praises of God

and of Theodosius, the father of his people, and the darling of mankind, occupied the people during the succeeding night.

The Senators after the first emotions of their joy had subsided, began to look upon this circumstance with eyes of some suspicion. The choleric and impetuous temper of Theodosius was well known. A much more trivial offence, in the inhabitants of Antioch, had excited his wrath, and prompted him to decree the destruction of the guilty city.

The crime of Thessalonica had been reported by the soldiers. No deprecation had been used. The cause of the tumult and the punishment of its authors, were unknown at the time when Valimer dismissed his messengers. Time for the interposition of beneficent counsellors, or for rage to be displaced by equanimity, had not been allowed.

It was, indeed, remembered that Antioch had fewer claims upon the affection of Theodosius, that the dictates of his hasty indignation, with regard to that city, had been to himself a topic of humiliation and regret, and that he might now be guarded against the impulse of choler. It was likewise known that the genuine intentions of the monarch had not, at any time, been concealed from the Antiochians; and no motives could be imagined by which the prince might be induced to conceal his anger, or counterfeit forgiveness.

These opposite considerations were anxiously revolved by the prefect Malchus. He was unable to divest his mind wholly of inquietude and doubt. The acquiescence of the soldiers, in a sentence like this, was incredible. Macro and Eustace had not dipped their hands in the blood of Botheric and his retinue. Search was made for those who had been active in the bloody fray; but the evidence obtained was doubtful and contradictory, and the populace began to view their deportment as justified by necessity and self-defence. The officers were known

by all to be, with regard to the crowd surrounding them, the first assailants.

The secret, if any secret existed, was repositied with Walimer. A careful observation of his conduct might detect the truth. For this purpose an interview was necessary. To invite him and his tribunes to a banquet was an obvious expedient to detect the truth, if his purposes were hostile, or to confirm his intention, if they were amicable and pacific.

The senators and officers were therefore invited to a feast. Malchus selected the most sagacious of his servants, and directed them to treat the military followers in a cordial and bounteous manner, and to watch their looks and discourse. Some unguarded expression, it was thought, would escape them in the midst of their carousals, betraying their designs.

This scheme was partly frustrated by the precaution of Walimer, who at once testified his confidence in Malchus, and precluded the hazard of impetuosity or babbling in his soldiers, by coming to the palace of the prefect unattended except by his tribunes. The carousals were prolonged till midnight, and every proof of a sincere reconciliation was given by the guests.

The next day was ushered in as a solemn and joyous festival. It happened that this day was sacred to Demetrius, the saint or tutelary genius of the city, and to whose divine influence the people fondly ascribed the clemency of Theodosius.

It was usual for centinels to be posted at the avenues of the hippodrome. This was a customary duty, and, to omit it on this occasion, would have bred suspicion. No alarm, therefore, was excited by the march, at noon-day, of a detachment from the citadel for this purpose.

On the preceding night, Malchus had imparted his doubts and apprehensions to some of the senators. A secret consultation had been held. No

measures sufficiently conducive to their safety could be adopted. Whatever evil was meditated by the soldiers, it was impossible to avert or elude it. The towers and gates were in their hands.—Circumspection or disguise, would avail nothing. If the danger had assumed any known form, suitable precautions could scarcely be discovered; but now, when all was uncertain and inscrutable, a frank and fearless deportment was most proper.

The presence of the senate and magistrates was necessary at the public shows. The prefect's mind was actuated by inexplicable fears, and he would willingly have forborne to attend; but reflection convinced him that his life was equally in the power of the soldiers, in the recesses of his palace, and in the courts of the citadel.

Noon arrived thousands hurried to the hippodrome; the concourse was uncommonly large, as numbers from the neighbouring villages and districts flocked to the spectacle; all benches were quickly filled, and the galleries crowded; the prefect proceeded thither at the head of the senatorial order, and was received with low obeisance by the guards, and with loud acclamations by the people. The games only waited the arrival of the general and tribunes to begin.

His approach was quickly announced by the sound of military music. At that moment a civil officer, whose face was pale with affright, thrust himself amidst the crowd, and whispered something in the ear of a senator who sat near the prefect. The senator was observed to start; and inquiry being made into the cause of his alarm, he replied, that Walimer was followed, not by the usual retinue, but by a formidable brigade who surrounded the circus and seemed to meditate violence.

Walimer and his officers now entered and placed themselves on an elevated platform assigned for his use, and which was ascended by a narrow staircase. His entrance was greeted by a grateful acclama-

tions, and he was observed to bow his head in token of his satisfaction. In a moment after the trumpet, whose note was a signal for the chariots to start from their goal, was sounded.

Before the signal was obeyed, a dart, thrown by an unknown hand and with inconceivable force, struck the breast of a charrioteer, who fell headlong from his seat. His horses were alarmed, and swerving from their true direction, threw all into disorder. This event was noticed by the people with amazement.

Their attention was speedily recalled from this object by troops of soldiers rushing through the various passages, and brandishing their swords. No time was allowed to question their purpose or elude it. They fell upon those who were nearest and hewed them to pieces.

Every avenue poured forth a destroying band. Few, therefore, were allowed to be mere spectators of the danger. Every one witnessed the butchery of his neighbour, and shrunk from the swords, which in a few moments, would be steeped in his own blood.

The multitude rose, with one consent, from their seats. The extent of the evil that threatened them was fully apprehended by none. They were far from imagining that this havoc was directed or sanctioned by the prince. They did not conceive that the soldiers had acted by the orders of Walimer; but that a conspiracy was formed against them by the military order was apparent.

Those who were near the station of Walimer, stretched their hands towards him in supplication, and uttered the most piercing cries of distress.—His sullen and immovable air convinced them that he was an accomplice in their fate.

Some vainly flattered themselves that the sword would be weary of its task before it reached them. They sheltered themselves behind their neighbours, and in their eagerness to put themselves in the

midst of the crowd, were bereaved of breath, or trampled under foot.

Those whose situation exposed them to the first assault, struggled to gain the passages. Such as escaped the edge of the sabre and passed into the square, were transfixed by darts. The soldiers were drawn up in firm array, and extending themselves on all sides, rendered escape impossible.

To expatiate on the scene that followed, and which did not terminate till midnight; to count up the victims, to describe the various circumstances of their death, is a task to which the historian would be inadequate. Language sinks under the enormity and complication of these ills.

Hundreds who escaped the bounds of this devoted city, are in the full fruition of melancholy or despair. The images of wife and offspring, of friends and neighbors, mangled by the sword, or perishing by lingering torments, pursue them to their retreats, and deny them a momentary respite. Some have lost their terror only by the extinction of their reason; and the phantoms of the past have disappeared in the confusion of insanity. Others, whose heroic or fortunate efforts set them beyond the reach of the soldiers, were no sooner at liberty to review the past, and contemplate their condition, than they inflicted on themselves that death which had been with so much difficulty avoided, when menaced by others. Their misery was too abrupt, and too enormous, to be forgotten or endured.

The horrors of this scene are only portions of the evil that has overspread the Roman world, which has been inflicted by the cavalry of Scythia, and which will end only in the destruction of the empire, and the return of the human species to their original barbarity.

For the Literary Miscellany.

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ESSAY.....NO. IV.

.....

ON REFLECTION.

.....

Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine;
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude. *Thompson.*

IT is through the creative influence of reflection that the nobler passions of the soul are excited ; those acts which exalt the human character and dignify the heart, result from the devout exercises of the mind in hours of solitude. That being whose eye-lids close in sleep on the immediate retirement to his pillow, must discover a deficiency in those sublime virtues resulting from the pure source of meditation. It is at this period that the imagination awakes, and rouses those sensations that lie dormant in the hours of bustle, fatigue, and care. Retired from the busy haunts of men, the mind relapses into a serene state ; the mirror reflecting on past actions adverts with pleasure to some, and shrinks back in dismay at others. Fancy sometimes usurps the place of reason, without corrupting the pure fountain from whence it flows ; though we soar above ourselves, the sin is venial when governed by a pious influence.

Reflection produces the most bitter pangs resulting from a guilty conscience ; the golden dream of fancy is absorpt by the more rational power of reason. The motives which lead to a dishonorable action are counter-balanced by the commission of the act. Revenge, the most despicable inherent in the human breast, will not be justified, even as a

retort for the basest and most complicated injuries; and however justifiable it may appear, when premeditated, the soul shudders at the reflection. A guilty conscience is an internal hell; and though dissipation may for a time quench the flame, it rekindles with redoubled fury when the dreaded hour of retirement arrives with its mild attendant reflection; the gentle goddess of sleep abdicates her throne, to give place to the black demon of despair; his terrific form unmans the wretched victim and leads him through "dire labyrinths of woe."

There are again reflections of a pleasing nature. The passion of love, which is of all others the most exalted and refined, seeks it as a consolatory balm, and abandons it with regret. Though painful the sensations it excites, there is that degree of sublime pleasure interwoven with it, that renders it endurable. In retirement its sensations are most keenly felt, yet the lover seeks it with avidity—here "unmixed with baser matter," the pain becomes a pleasure.

"There is, they say (and I believe there is) a spark within us of th' immortal fire, that animates and moulds the grosser frame; and, when the body sinks, escapes to heaven, its native seat, and mixes with the gods."

In the fatigue of business, or recreation of amusement, reflection seldom occurs; this heavenly instinct is the production of retirement; there it thrills every nerve—some it maddens with pain, while others it transports with pleasure; and even those who entertain a hopeless passion, seek the shady grove where pensive musings calm the troubled soul or drive them to despair.

Reflection is an enemy to the votaries of fashion and dissipation; still it will intrude upon them and lend its friendly aid at a season when the infatuated mortal looks for repose; their own thoughts are

a perpetual torment, and haunt them at this season with peculiar energy—

“But ’tis not thought (for still the soul’s employ’d,)

“’Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay ;

“For anxious study, discontent, and care,

“Love without hope, and hate without revenge,

“And fear, and jealousy, fatigue the soul,

“Engross the subtle ministers of life,

“And spoil the laboring functions of their share.”

Reflection, the hand-maid of heaven, has hurled the despairing sinner from the precipice of destruction, to the path of rectitude and honor.

CELADON.

DEPRAVITY IN OLD AGE.

A decrepid man, a tinker, in low circumstances, in the neighborhood of Spitsfield (Eng.) some time ago buried his wife, about a month after which, he took home a second woman ; but his labor not answering their expences, they separated, and he took a third, who, like the other two, was fond of the juice of the juniper ; she did not live long ; four days after he took a fourth, who was also fond of white port, alias gin : promised to marry her ; but after a sound sleep, forgot his promise and fell in love with a fifth ; the former being jealous of the latter, they fought an obstinate battle. People interposed and separated the combatants ; the man being the cause of this indecent scene, he was about to be taken up, but found his safety in flight. The parish-officers, however, went in search after him, for his immoral conduct, and for being a nuisance to the neighborhood.

MAXIM.—That commonwealth is most commendable, in which the brave and the coward have their proper deserts.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

.....

EUGENIA, A TRAGEDY.

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(Concluded from page 211.)

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ACT II.

THIS act opens with the meeting of Dorimond and Eugenia, in which that tender parent proposes marriage to her, and describes a gentleman he looks upon as worthy of her love, which Eugenia taking to be Clerval is highly delighted ; but, on her father's telling her that Mercour is the man, she is greatly shocked, which he perceiving, endeavors to comfort her, and gives her to the care of Orphisa, who endeavors to persuade her to hearken to the advice of her father. Dorimond, meeting afterwards with Clerval, questions him relating to the person in disguise, and, being satisfied with his answers, takes him into his apartment. This awakens the jealousy of Mercour, who, fearing that his brother may regain his uncle's confidence, and by that means render his scheme abortive, determines to put it in execution, and either gain Eugenia, or expose her birth. While he is indulging these thoughts, Emilia enters, to whom he declares his uncle's intention of marrying her to his brother, and endeavors to persuade her to embrace the offer. But she

peremptorily declares, that, before she will injure his brother in so egregious a manner, she will voluntarily expose the secret of their amours. Mercour endeavors to persuade her from this rash attempt, in the following manner :

Mercour. Most amazing!

Is this *Emilia* ? This the tender maid
Of such unpassion'd gentleness of manners ?

Emilia. No, Sir, I am the creature you have made
me.

Behold your work, and as you taught me passions,
Now teach me how to rule them in their wildness.
But from this moment I renounce the world :
Fly from all converse with destructive man,
His oaths, his vows, his cruelty, his baseness.
And chiefly thee ; false and inhuman Mercour.

ACT III.

Dorimond, meeting with Mercour, informs him of his daughter's refusal. Mercour, in order to gain Dorimond more effectually to his interest, pretends that Eugenia's mother recommended her to him with her dying breath ; by which stratagem he imposes upon Dorimond, who, at his request, sends Eugenia to him. At her entering, she speaks as follows :

My father, Sir,
Hath sent me hither, as I think, to hear
Some most important secret.

Mercour. Not he alone,
But every better angel hovering o'er you,
Your guardian genius, watchful for your welfare—
Come ye celestial host, descend to earth,
And save your beauteous charge—they bid you
hear.

Eugenia. Well, Sir, I come prepar'd to know
their pleasure,
By you, it seems, their chosen minister.

Mercour. Yet have they given you no kind fore-
bodings,
No secret instincts of this hour of fate?
Still heaves your bosom with its wonted calmness,
Nor fear, nor terror, mix their pantings there?

Eugenia. What terror, Sir? What fear? 'Tis
guilt alone,
Like brain-sick frenzy, in its feverish mood,
Fills the light air with visionary terrors,
And shapeless forms of fear. I know them not.

Mercour. How I admire this dignity of spirit,
Which my prophetic love had long foreseen!
Why do you start? I saw your dawn of beauty,
Sure pledge of day; I saw your opening charms,
Promise their present bloom; and was it possible,
Without desire to see them?

Eugenia. Is this the terror
For which I should invoke my better genius,
And call my guardian angel to my aid?
No, Sir; however terrible the danger,
'Tis but to fly forever, and be safe.

Mercour, finding it in vain to expostulate
with her, gives her a letter of her mother's,
directed to her father, which contained these
words:

"Knowing, Sir, how ardently you wish'd for chil-
dren, and willing to engage your affection
more strongly, I deceived you—with a suppo-
sitious child. Your embassy to Spain gave
me an opportunity of making Eugenia pass
for my daughter. Death compels me to re-
veal my secret. Oh! pardon—"

At reading this letter Eugenia is terribly

shocked; which Mercour endeavors to alleviate, by offering to marry her and keep her birth an inviolable secret; but the virtuous Eugenia refuses the offer, declaring that she will never inherit a fortune not her own, nor deceive the heart of Dorimond with false caresses.

Mercour does all in his power to divert her from this resolution; but, finding it in vain, he retires, and Clerval enters; which produces a very pathetic scene between him and Eugenia, which is interrupted by Delville, who, being ignorant of what had passed, flew in raptures to his friend to inform him of his happiness:

Delville. Come, share my joys, thou friend of the
unfortunate,

For still some happier days—what have I done?
Broke in upon the sacred hour of sorrow,
With my ill-omen'd joys?

Eugenia. If you're that friend,
As I believe, whose story I have heard,
Your own misfortunes, Sir, will best instruct you
To pity those of others. Let your friendship
Support his sorrows in this hour of trial,
Clerval, farewell. Would it not pain your heart,
Mine would confess the pangs it feels in parting.

Clerval. She's gone; my wishes' hope; my light
of life,
And darkness is upon me.

Delville. What could mean
Her threats, at parting, of some worse misfortune,
Of some severer trial of your virtue?

Clerval. I cannot tell. She bids me not inquire.
'Tis in her fate she says; 'tis in herself,

And she no more depends upon her father.
'Tis wonder and distraction.

Deville. Some light terror,
By fancy form'd; her sexes fears are on her.

Clerval. Oh! she has nothing of her sex's fears,
Their truth alone, their innocence, and beauty,
And yet she's lost forever—But, my Lord,
You talk'd of happiness. I have a soul,
That, through the griefs of love can feel for friend-
ship.

Deville. My pardon is confirm'd, with every
grace,
That honors royal mercy, and my heart
Opens to new-born hope each panting vein,
And streams again with joy.

Clerval. Ill-fated Clerval,
Whose sorrows rise from that same fountain
stream,
Whence flows the joys of others!

Deville. Oh! forgive me,
These transports, wildly starting from my soul,
They seem, I own, and yet they only seem,
Forgetful of our friendship, of your happiness,
The interests of your heart. Indulge me still
One little hour—no—love shall fill it largely
With every bliss that years have ravish'd from me.

Clerval. I will do more, my Lord, enjoy it with
you.
But have you seen her yet?

Deville. I go this moment.
The friend, who only knew our correspondence,
He shall direct me to the lovely mourner,
Where she still sighs her sorrows o'er my absence,
Where love sits weeping on the wings of time,
Weighs down his flight, and lengthens out the day.
Grant me but one embrace to cheer her sadness,
To press the fair affliction to my heart,
And the next hour, with all it can command,
Ambition, fortune, power, is your's and friend-
ship's.

ACT IV.

This act opens with a very moving scene between Orphisa and Eugenia, which is interrupted by Dorimond, who endeavors to comfort them. Mercour, whom Dorimond had sent for, being returned, and questioned about the letter, at first attempts to deny it ; but finding it impossible to succeed, he produces another letter, directed to Eugenia, which is as follows.

"It is not without pity, that I reveal this secret to
"you. But I am approaching the moments of
"truth. Your mother's distresses made it not
"difficult to bribe those about her, to convey
"you from her at your birth, and to tell her you
"were dead. All the recompence, then, in my
"power, was to make her your governess, and,
"now, to restore you to her."

Eugenia, being thus informed that Orphisa was her mother, is something revived from the late terrible shock ; but Dorimond, unable to bear the loss of his daughter, sinks under the weight, and is carried by his servants to his couch. Eugenia, endeavoring to follow him, is stopped by Mercour, who insults both her and Orphisa, and retires. Clerval soon after returns, and declares to Orphisa his firm intention of marrying Eugenia, notwithstanding he is a stranger to her birth. Orphisa, after having told him that Eugenia was her own daughter, conjured him to find out a retirement proper for them, and provide some prudent, faithful friend to conduct them

thither. Clerval gladly accepted the trust, and instantly retired to put it in practice. Orphisa, being left alone, speaks as follows; which concludes the fourth act.

"Now for a moment's thinking, to recover
My agitated spirits. Wherefore think?
Vain is all human thought, all human aid.
Come then, religion, holy, heaven-born maid,
Thou surest refuge in our day of trouble,
To thy great guidance, to thy strong protection,
I give my child—oh! hear a mother's prayer—
Guide thou her heart in thy own sacred ways,
And keep thine ever-open eye upon her,
That she be greatly worthy to inherit
Her Father's name and honors. Gracious heaven,
Behold her yet untainted innocence,
And oh! restore whom thou and sacred nature
Have made her guide, her guardian, and protector,
In youth's unguarded paths. Oh! save her, heaven."

ACT V.

A scene between Mercour and Clerval opens this act, which is followed by another between Dorimond and Mercour, in which the true character of Mercour is exposed, and that monster of ingratitude justly punished; for which reason we shall present it to the reader :

Dorimond. So, Sir, it seems you will be justified,
And with the front of innocence demand it.
But I am ill at ease to hear th' harangues
Of practis'd art.

Mercour. I'll not disturb your quiet,
And heaven, I doubt not, in its own good time,

Will clear my injur'd name.—May all its blessings
Pour'd with abundant hand, dwell ever round you.

Dorimond. Who would not think him innocent!

Stay, *Mercour*.

You will be heard? Will vindicate your honor?

Mercour. I know not, Sir, of what I am accused;
How I've offended. If it was a crime,
That, in obedience to the sacred will
Of her who is no more; or that, in justice
To her repentant sorrows, I discover'd
This guilty secret, yet remember, Sir,
How long did I conceal it? Why conceal it,
But for your peace of mind? Or may I own,
In pity—no—I'll own the softer motive—
In love to poor *Eugenia*.

Dorimond. Love! *Eugenia*!

Mercour. She was the first, the only of her sex,
Who ever fill'd my heart with hopes, with wishes.
From thence, unpractis'd in the lover's arts,
(Whose bosoms beat with passions, which they feel
not)

I told, with nature's pure simplicity,
My artless tale. She heard me with disdain.
While I, to reason lost, in my impatience,
In impotence of rage, and mad revenge,
Gave way to my resentment, and with threats—
—I know not what—but I am punish'd for it—
Detested, hated, scorn'd—yet still I love.

Dorimond. My poor undone *Æmilia*! How could
innocence,
Like thine, escape the snares of this bad man!

Mercour. *Æmilia*!

Dorimond. Yes, *Æmilia*; hadst thou heard
(But thou hast lost all feelings of humanity)
The generous maid, amidst her soul's despair,
Amidst the shame and blushes of her frailty,
Tell the black story of her own undoing,
To save *Eugenia* from thy baseness. Heavens!
Is't possible! How would he talk of virtue—
Angels might listen to him with delight.

O hypocrite, thy boldness strikes at heaven,
And makes its fervid saints appear impostors.

Mercour. Curse on my folly, that could risque my
fortune

Upon the wayward spirit of a girl.

Dorimond. Be it one pang, to such a heart, as
thine,

To know that she is happy ; reconcil'd
To her sweet peace of mind, by holy vows,
That consecrate her future life to heaven,
A sister of the saints. Oh ! could your heart
Repent the crimes, the horrors, it was forming,
That heaven may pardon you. 'Till then let shame,
Let rage, despair, your disappointed schemes,
And poverty, which, worse than death, you dread,
Be long your punishment.

Mercour. Welcome my fate,
With all its horrors, welcome ; even with poverty.
Repentance—no—my haughty soul disclaims it,
Your goodness—weakness—might, perhaps, forgive
me.

I will not be forgiven—will not bend
To the upbraiding insolence of pardon.
Let me have any torment, but your pity.
And, since we part forever, I'll no longer
Dissemble or disguise me. I'm, by nature,
What you call villain. I'll enjoy the title ;
Enjoy that ardent spirit, which can rise
Above the terrors, form'd for lower beings,
The senseless fears, that awe the fools of virtue.

Dorimond. Where are thy terrors, conscience ?
Where thy justice ?

That this bad man dare boldly own his crimes,
Insult thy sacred power, and glory in it.
But 'tis the frenzy of despair, and heaven
Shall yet o'ertake him in his hours of thinking.

The next is a very tender scene between
Dorimond, Clerval, Orphisa, and Eugenia, in

which Dorimond, after adopting Eugenia, desires Orphisa to join with him in giving Eugenia to Clerval; but that generous woman refuses her consent, not looking upon herself as authorised to dispose of her child without the consent of her husband. But Delville, having been informed by his friend that Orphisa was at Dorimond's house, flew thither, and completed the happiness of Clerval, by giving him his daughter Eugenia in marriage. And, after returning his thanks to Dorimond for the kind protection he had given to Orphisa and his daughter Eugenia, adds,

" Here let us pause ; with humble adoration
Behold the maze, thro' which th' eternal mercy
Hath guided us to happiness. Orphisa,
When for my crime—oh ! could no other punishment

Atone its guilt !—The law, with rigorous hand,
Turn'd out thy softness to despair and anguish—"

Dorimond. Nobly she scorn'd to bend her dignity,
And your great name, to the world's proud compassion.

Then chose this humble station ; this retreat—

Delville. And you, my generous youth, whose love
of virtue

Woo'd my Eugenia's beauties, even in ruin—

A father's thanks are thine.

Clerval. Not mine my lord.

Give them to her, who taught me how to love ;

All praise was made for her ; all joy and transport.

Delville. Praise is the sacred attribute of heaven.

'Tis ours alone, with humble, grateful hearts

T' employ the gracious instincts it bestows

To our own honor, hapiness and virtue ;

For happiness and virtue are the same.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. Pritchard.

OF all the various wonders wit can do,
(Whether to please the many or the few)
None charms an audience like—a stroke that's
new. }

Now this choice secret found, I dare engage,
Has brought our solemn champion to the stage,
As if, to reach this merit, were no more,
Than just to write—as none e'er wrote before.

Why here's a play now—of what kind to call it.
I know no more than—of what will befall it—
Whether the critics praise—or bolder bucks
shall maul it; }

In France 'twas comedy; but here 'tis tragic!
And all by dint of pure poetic magic—
Mistake me not, I don't by this aver,
That every poet is a conjurer;
Ours is all sentiment, blank verse, and virtue,
Distress—but yet no bloodshed to divert ye.
Such plays in France, perhaps, may cut a figure!
But to our critics here, they're mere soup-meagre;
Tho' there they never stain their stage with blood;
Yet English stomachs love substantial food.
give us the lightning's blaze, the thunder's roll;
The pointed dagger, and the pois'ning bowl!
Let drums and trumpets clangor swell the scene,
Till the gor'd battle bleeds in every vein.
We love the muses animating spark,
Till gods meet gods and jostle in the dark!
This now did something in the days of yore,
When lungs heroic made the galleries roar.

As for our bard, the fatal die is thrown,
And now the question is—What says the town, }
Has he thrown in, or is the dupe undone? }

Yet on your justice boldly he relied,
 No party form'd, no partial friendship tried.
 Tho' love of praise his inmost soul inflame,
 All feign'd, or forc'd applause he dares disclaim,
 Your candor—no—Your judgment be his fame. }

THE GOSSAMOUR.

.....

Sir Patrick Blake was once in company where a nobleman, since dead, was relating many wonderful accounts of Echoes, which he had heard abroad; more particularly one in the ruins of a temple, on the Appian way, about twelve miles from Rome, which, he said, *repeated any word seventy times*. That, replied Sir Patrick, (who had listened with great attention to much more than he believed) is nothing wonderful: there is an Echo on my brother's estate, near the lake of Killarney in Ireland, to which I have frequently said "*Good morrow madam Echo!*" and it has immediately answered—"*Good morrow Sir Patrick Blake, how do you do?*" The nobleman never afterwards told his wonderful tales of Echoes when Sir Patrick was present.

During the unhappy disturbances in Ireland, a poor ignorant fellow was tried for treason, in conspiring "to kill the king." The counsel against him, in the midst of his florid language, chanced to repeat the law adage, that "the king never dies!" on which Teague roars out, "Ubobo! my Lord! and how can I be guilty?" His friends desired him to keep quiet, but he positively refused, with "Don't you hear what a bull that *tief* of the world makes? Why, oons and thunder how can I *kill* a man that *never dies!*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

.....
For the Literary Miscellany.

Mr. Editor,

The following poetical effusion is from the pen of an Aunt of mine, and was occasioned by the death of her lover, whom she soon followed to the tomb. They possess a degree of pathos and sensibility which may recommend them to your notice, and should you deem them worthy a place in your MISCELLANY, by inserting them you will oblige yours, &c. JOSEPHUS.

—
 THE DISCONSOLATE FAIR.

Mourn with me Virgins, since the youth's no more,
 For whom my soul had treasured up a store
 Of virtuous love.—And is my charmer dead !—
 Then welcome sorrow—all true joys are fled.
 Since he no more can bless my ravish'd sight,
 And fill my longing soul with sweet delight—
 Welcome remorse, despair, and pining grief,
 Whose friendly aid will give me quick relief.
 I mean, relief from this sad world of woe ;
 Lead me, ye virgins, to my love.—I go.
 Where have I been ?—methought I saw my love ; }
 No ;—'twas but fancy ;—and conviction prove }
 My sight's delusive—for he's soar'd above.
 In perfect health ! adorn'd with rosy bloom !
 Alas ! he's summon'd to his final doom.
 Oh ! cutting thought, my giddy brains turn round,
 And nought but horror in my soul is found.
 Well might the royal psalmist justly say,

"Life's like a guest which tarrieth but a day."
 Scarce does it blossom, but begins to fade,
 And is indeed but evanescent shade.
 But, hark ! methinks some heavenly voice is near,
 And thus accosts my ever-list'ning ear :
 "Why all this sorrow ? whence this grief, this
 pain ?

Since thy poor loss is his eternal gain.
 His soul is wafted to yon bless'd abode,
 There to enjoy the presence of his Lord ;
 And with unspotted adoration prove
 Seraphic joy, and never-fading love.

Besides :—

Did he not live out his appointed date ?
 Does he not now enjoy a more exalted state ?
 Then why should you reverse the laws of fate ?
 Farewell :—be comforted, your love is blest."
 Is he made happy !—then my soul's at rest.
 My blood runs cold—my ling'ring pulse beats slow ;
 Farewell ye virgins, to my love I go.

For the Literary Miscellany.

.....

THE GIRL THAT FEEDS ON ROSES.

Would roses bloom throughout the year,
 Long might Maria live ;
 But roses, *something* bids me fear,
 December will not give.

She lives on roses, and her lips
 Are fragrant with perfumes ;
 The morning dew-drop now she sips,
 And now the leaf consumes.

Something more pure than common blood,
Must run through every vein ;
Her food supplies some nectar flood,
Almost without a stain.

Happy the soul in such a frame,
From sanguine influence free ;
The tints of anger, strife, and shame,
Can ne'er discolor thee.

Bloom then, ye roses, through the year,
And let Maria live ;
Exotic roses, (cease my fear !)
December's nights shall give.

CLIO.

For the Literary Miscellany.

.....

THE COMPLAINT.

And must I leave those beaming eyes,
Where love himself is wont to dwell ;
And must I leave that swelling breast
Which nought on earth can e'er excel.

Leave what heaven in kindness gave,
And by me valued most on earth ;
Wit, judgment, beauty, grace and ease,
With soul-dissolving cheerful mirth.

To paternal dictates I must yield,
And her to whom my love has flown,
With agonised bosom leave ;
Instead the love of lucre own.

Devoted then to morbid grief,
Heart-racking pain and sullen care
Without the prospect of relief,
I'll yield the victim of despair. Z

For the Literary Miscellany.

. . . .

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

"Hail gentle Sleep, thou balm to all my woes,
With thy oblivious draught my senses close ;
O'er my eye-lids spread thy darksome veil,
And shelter me from misery's rude gale."

As the fluctuant billows of the deep,
Oft gently languish into silent sleep ;
So the collected passions of my breast,
Dissipate in thee and give me rest.

Bring the enchantress fancy but again,
To rescue me from memory's sorest pain,
Bid her deluding visions sway my soul,
For then all poignant thoughts are in control.

Oh fancy ! but for thee, the grasp of care,
Had long consigned my breast to fell despair ;
Ah ! long I've felt the pangs of love severe,
And long has sadly flow'd the burning tear.

Ah ! let me not recall the flatt'ring scene
When life was tranquil, happy and serene,
No piercing passion then disturb'd my soul,
Secure from care and hopeless love's control.

Now with grief and melancholy opprest,
And groans of anguish heave my aching breast ;
Oh goddess Fancy ! haste, return and save,
Thy pensive votary from the silent grave.

Z.

 EPITAPH ON A WIDOWER.

Beneath this stone lies Peter Foster,
Who married a wife—and *luckily* lost her !

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
LITERARY MISCELLANY,
OR
MONTHLY REVIEW,
FOR 1811.

NETLEY ABBEY:

A GOTHIC STORY.

.....
(Concluded from page 253.)
.....

CHAPTER XIII.

....
"Still let me find beneath thy placid wings,
Some friendly shelter from misfortunes ire!"

THE occurrences of the night occupied entirely the mind of Edward, and effectually prevented him from taking repose.—Hopes and fears alternately arose in his bosom, with respect to the lady whom he had delivered from the abbey; and on whom he now found his future happiness must depend. Agitated with these emotions, he quitted his pillow early in the morning, and went to the chamber of the baron, to acquaint him with the events which had happened.

De Villars, full of the resolution to retire immediately to the continent, and anxious for the return of his son, was already risen. He felt therefore greatly relieved, when he saw him approach with a countenance that bespoke success and satisfaction. The detail which he gave the baron, filled him with astonishment; nor was Edward less surprised, when he understood the daring attempt that had been made on the honor of his family by Sir Hildebrand Warren, and the consequent determination of De Villars to depart that night from England.—For a moment he entertained the rash idea of instantly seeking the castle of the knight, and challenging him to single combat, that he might punish his reiterated insults. The baron, however, soon pointed out the dangerous folly of this plan; and assured him that a temporary absence, at least from their present situation, would be the most certain means of future safety and quiet. Edward bowed an assent to his father's opinions, and accompanied him to the breakfasting room.

It was late before Eleanora and her fair charge appeared. The door at length opened, and the stranger entered, covered with a veil that concealed her whole face. De Villars rose to receive her, to offer his protection, and the hospitality of his castle. As he approached her, the lady threw back her veil, and falling on her knee, burst into tears; "save me, save me, De Villars," cried she, "from the machinations of Sir Hildebrand Warren, that enemy of my peace. Already has your generous daughter acquainted me with his base conduct towards her, and your resolution of immediately retiring beyond the reach of his infernal malice. Oh! suffer then an unprotected suppliant to be the companion of your flight, nor leave the unfortunate Agnes Warren, to the merciless fury of her unnatural cousin."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the baron, "art thou the daughter of my much regretted friend the good Sir Raymond?—Yes—full well I trace his soft-

ened likeness in that face, which beams with all his generous virtues—But rise, fair maid, and rest assured that while De Villars breathes, Agnes Warren shall not want a father. Pardon, however, my curiosity, if I request to know by what strange events I have the pleasure of seeing the daughter of my friend, after rumour had announced her death upwards of two years ago? The report which notified your father's decease, added, that you fell a sacrifice at the same time to the same malignant complaint."

"Alas," replied Agnes, with a deep sigh, "the public ear was cheated with a perfidious lie, fabricated by the unnatural Sir Hildebrand. Would to God my honored parent had fallen a victim to the stroke of quick disorder; he had not then experienced those bitter pains which a tedious lingering and horrible dissolution, by famine, must produce.—Great God! how do I live to tell the fearful tale? to say these eyes beheld my parent pale, wan, emaciated, starving; myself without the ability to afford him sustenance. Even now his last sad look is present to my mind; his last, weak sigh, still vibrates on my ear. And thou too Raymond, my friend, my brother, my protector; long e'er this, has the remorseless usurper of your rights, completed his vengeance with thy blood!"

A torrent of tears fell from Agnes on this retrospect of her distresses; she continued silent for a few moments, and then proceeded. "But pardon, my lord, this tribute to affection. I have promised to the generous, youth who rescued me from confinement, that I would relate the circumstances of my story. Should your lordship feel inclined to hear a tale of wretchedness, I will endeavor to perform the ungrateful task." The baron, his son, and daughter, whose curiosity was equally excited, all pressed their guest to begin, which she did in the following manner:

"My father, you may recollect, baron, retired

from court to his castle, in Hampshire, several years since, on the decease of his lady, my mother, whose loss he never ceased to deplore. Thither he carried me, and his nephew Hildebrand, (the only remaining son of an elder brother) to whom he entrusted the cheif management of his extensive property, being himself unequal to the transaction of business, from the violence of his grief. I, at that time, was scarcely ten years old, my brother Raymond (the elder by eight or nine years) had, a short time before our removal, been sent for to the continent, by Guy earl of Flanders (a prince distantly allied to my deceased mother) who had engaged to take charge of his future fortunes.

“As my father indulged very much in solitary sorrow, it necessarily happened that Hildebrand and myself were frequently together. I had, however, early taken a dislike to him, and, young as I was, had sagacity to perceive his character displayed a contemptible combination of villany and hypocrisy, which filled me with disgust and contempt; nor could all his endeavours to conciliate my esteem, ever inspire me with a sentiment in his favor.

“As I grew up his attentions to me redoubled, and, not suspecting that he was actuated by interested motives I thought common gratituded emanded a return of civility at least on my part. I therefore relaxed, in some measure, the reserve and distance I had hitherto observed towards him, and behaved with more openness and freedom than usual. It was not long, however, before I had reason to regret this alteration in my conduct. What I intended as mere expression of friendly politeness, Hildebrand misconstrued into tokens of regard; and actually began to fancy I was deeply enamoured of him. This mistaken conviction of his, soon produced a confidence in his manner that disgusted me extremely. But my indignation was raised to the highest pitch, by his at length declaring in the most un-

equivocal terms, that he had long perceived the partiality with which I had honored him ; that he felt a reciprocal attachment ; was ready to blend his fortune with mine, whenever I would permit him to possess my hand.

“ His effrontry and conceit filled me with astonishment, and prevented my replying for some moments. Indeed, notwithstanding the knowledge I had of his character, it had never once occurred to me, that he could ever entertain the absurd idea of a matrimonial alliance taking place between us. I had just attained my sixteenth year ; he was nearly forty. Our consanguinity too, precluded all possibility of marriage ; and as he depended entirely on the bounty of my father, he had not the means of procuring a separate establishment.

“ As soon as I recovered my surprize, “cousin,” said I, “your injurious notions with regard to myself, and your ingratitude towards Sir Raymond, render you at once both contemptible and hateful to me. You have abused my frankness, and his generosity. It is time, however, he should be informed that he has nourished a viper in his bosom, who repays his kindness by an attempt to wound him in the tenderest part.” I waited not for any reply from Hildebrand, who, I observed, was very much agitated by what I had said, but instantly went to my father’s apartment, determined to inform him of all that had passed.

“ Sir Raymond listened to my account with very great displeasure and astonishment, and immediately ordered his nephew to attend him. They continued shut up together for some time ; at length a domestic came to acquaint me, my presence was desired in the hall. I went thither and found both my cousin and father ; the one with a countenance of much humiliation ; the other apparently less disturbed than when I left him.

“ I have sent for you my child,” said Sir Raymond, “that you may receive the apologies of Hildebrand

for the insulting proposals he had the audacity to make to you. His injury to myself I have forgiven, in consideration of the affection I entertained for his father, and his solemn promise of never repeating it again. Whether, however, you can pardon his insolence, must entirely be left to yourself, the person principally concerned. If you feel satisfied with his assurances of future respect and propriety of conduct, I shall again consider him as a member of our family; if not, it will be necessary for him to depart immediately from Netley Castle."

"Tho' I should gladly have heard Hildebrand's dismissal pronounced by my father, for he had become now doubly obnoxious to me, yet when I found his fate depended on myself, my heart sunk at the idea of a relation and fellow creature being doomed to poverty, and perhaps, wretchedness, by the sentence of my own mouth. I therefore replied without hesitation, that as I doubted not the sincerity of my cousin's promises; I was willing also to forget what had passed, and to receive him on the same terms of friendship as before. Hildebrand returned me the most servile thanks for my lenity and condescension; and mingled them with many hypocritical tears, which, though they served to deceive my father into an opinion of his sorrow for the offence he had been guilty of, were to me only confirming proofs of his base, mean, and degenerate soul.

"The behaviour my cousin, from this period, was entirely changed; to me he conducted himself, with the most respectful attention; to my father with the most assiduous regard. My mind I confess, often misgave me. I distrusted his sincerity, and feared this specious outside, only covered some evil and interested designs. Little, however, did I dream such enormous wickedness lay concealed beneath it. Sir Raymond, on the other hand, greatly pleased with what appeared in Hildebrand to be the result of a proper reflection on his folly, increased his confidence in him, and being himself averse to action

from infirmity and habitual sorrow, committed to him the unlimited direction of his affairs. But oh! how fatally did he abuse his trust!

"In a short time, under pretence of having discovered a combination amongst the domestics to defraud their master, Hildebrand, by one stroke of power gave them a general dismissal. My own confidential maid was amongst this devoted number, and Gilbert Nowil, the faithful steward of the family. Shocked and alarmed at this step, I ventured to remonstrate with my cousin on the subject; but could not avert his purpose. He told me the proofs of their guilt were incontestible, that Sir Raymond was convinced of it, and had ordered them to be dismissed his service.

"It was not without tears that I parted with trusty Frances, and the venerable Gilbert. The faithful creatures were equally affected at our separation; my maid hung round me in an agony of grief; and the steward respectfully pressing my hand, gave me his blessing, and added, prophetically: "lady take heed to yourself; dangers surround you; beware of Sir Raymond's nephew—and God grant that my young lord may speedily return to England to prevent those evils to you and your father, which my mind tells me are approaching." Saying this, he left me, the tears chasing each other down his furrowed cheeks.

"The places of these domestics were immediately supplied by Hildebrand, who introduced a train of ill looking ruffians in their room. If their countenances shocked me, I was still more disturbed, when I observed from their manners, that they were void of all humanity and good breeding. It was to my cousin alone they seemed to pay any respect; nor did it escape me that they appeared to have been very well acquainted with him before they became the domestics of Netley Castle. Without knowing exactly what to fear, I began to be filled with alarm, and gloomy forebodings of impending evils agitated

my soul. My father, a prey to grief, that seemed rather to encrease than diminish, shut himself up as much as possible from human converse; so that I had no opportunity of disclosing any observations and alarms to him. A long time also had elapsed without any tidings from my brother. I doubted not that he had fallen in battle, an apprehension which Hildebrand took great pains to strengthen. Thus I found myself without a friend, or protector as it were, and surrounded by people, whom I could not cease to look upon with detestation and dismay.

"Whilst I remained in this unpleasant predicament, Hildebrand pretended to have discovered very improper practices amongst the inhabitants of Netley Abbey; a monastery, you know my lord, under the protection of my father. Oswald, the abbot, he said, had suffered many dilapidations in the buildings, and numberless relaxations amongst the monks; he therefore desired that Sir Raymond would authorise him to dismiss them, and fill the abbey with less exceptionable tenants. His story was implicitly believed, and the necessary power delegated to him; by an exertion of which he immediately removed Oswald and his inoffensive society from Netley, and brought thither the present infamous abbot, father Peter, and twelve monks of a similar character. At the same time he employed a number of workmen within the walls of the building, to make, as he asserted, the necessary reparations; though, in fact, they were busied in preparing those subterraneous abodes, which were destined to be the scene of torture to my wretched parent and myself.

"In proportion as Hildebrand's influence with Sir Raymond increased, his distance and respect towards myself diminished: and he would, at times, throw out hints on the subject which had before given me such great offence. Though I now felt myself more in the power of the wretch than I was when he had insulted me with his former proposals,

yet I could not brook a repetition of them. I therefore gave him to understand, that should he dare to resume the topic any more, I would instantly inform my father of his breach of promise, and thus effectually prevent his further persecutions. Indeed, I had secretly determined to adopt the plan which I threatened, and only waited for a proper opportunity of doing it. Heaven, however, was pleased to ordain, doubtless for the wisest reasons, that my intentions should be frustrated in the following manner :

“ I had retired early to my chamber one evening, and was musing in silence and solitude on the unpleasantness, nay danger of my situation. Tired at length with disagreeable reflections, I took up my lute, in order to while away the tedious hours, as I felt no inclination to close my eyes in sleep. I had played for some time, when the sound of a bustle or tumult, in a distant part of the castle, caught my attention. I distinctly heard a cry of distress, uttered (as it appeared to me) by my father. Opening the door, I listened attentively ; but nothing now was to be heard, save an indistinct murmur of voices that gradually died away. I traversed the passage, and called loudly to the servants ; no one however, answered my summons.

“ As I returned to my chamber, my eye involuntarily fixed itself on a large portrait of Sir Raymond, which hung opposite to the door. The countenance methought was altered ; the florid appearance of health it had heretofore worn, was changed to an emaciated and melancholy visage. Trembling with apprehension I approached it ; the eye appeared to be suffused with tears, and a deep sigh seemed to issue from the canvas. Unusual terror seized me ; I ran towards the door, and endeavored to open it—but all my efforts were vain ; it was fastened without.

“ Distracted with the dread of I knew not what, I shrieked aloud, and fell upon the floor. After a

few moments the door was opened, and two men entered, whose faces were covered by vizors. "Rise lady," said the foremost of them, "it is necessary you should go with us." Saying this he seized me rudely, and threw over my head a long veil, in which he endeavored to muffle me up. I struggled violently, and made the castle echo with my screams. "Save me, O! my father," cried I: "preserve your child from violation and murder." "Do not trouble yourself about the old gentleman," returned the insulting wretch, with an ironical sneer, "he is already taken care of; and by this time is effectually out of hearing."

"The horrible image of a butchered parent flashed instantly upon my fancy—nature was unequal to the shock. The shades of death seemed to encompass me, and I sunk into a state of insensibility."

CHAPTER XIV.

.

Then of itself, unfolds th' eternal door;
With dreadful sounds, the brazen hinges roar.
You see before the gate what stalking ghost
Commands the guards, what centries keep the post.
Dryden.

"A CONSIDERABLE time must have elapsed e'er my recollection returned, since, on recovering, I found myself in a subterraneous cell; to which I had been removed during the interval of stupefaction. A man habited like an ecclesiastic, was standing before me, holding a goblet of water, with which he had been endeavoring to revive me.

"For some moments, a confused idea of the events that had occurred, and the novelty of the scene around, left me in doubt whether my fancy were not under the influence of some ill-omened dream; the voice of the monk, however, soon brought me to a sense of my real situation. "Lady," said he, "I

rejoice that you have recovered the effects of your unreasonable fears. Be not alarmed; happy in the regard and protection of my lord Hildebrand, you will soon be reconciled to the seclusion of your abode, nor wish to leave the quiet of Netley Abbey." Saying this he quitted the apartment, locked the door, and departed.

"The words of horror which he uttered, even now seem to vibrate on my ear; what then must have been my sensations at the time when they were spoken! The treacherous villany of my cousin, was displayed; his mysterious conduct unriddled; and his diabolical intentions but too clearly manifested. I doubted not that my father had already been sacrificed and I found myself compleatly in his power. The thought was maddening—In the first wild moments of despair, I rushed towards the door, and ineffectually strove to burst the lock. I made the caverns echo with my cries, yet no one came to my assistance.

"The violence of passion destroys its duration; my strength soon failed; and I sunk exhausted into a chair. It was now that I cast my thoughts towards heaven, and sought comfort at the hands of that being who alone can afford it in the hour of distress. My mind received confidence, assurance, and strength from this appeal to the father of his creatures. The gloom of the cavern gradually died away; and a gleam of hope, an emanation from the fountain of mercy, shot through my soul.

"At this moment the sound of footsteps caught my ear; the lock of the door flew back; and Hildebrand entered the room. I was now, however, prepared for the detestable vision; and the holy support of religion enabled me to preserve my calmness and composure. "Cousin," said he, "your astonishment, and alarm must have been excited, by the abrupt and forcible manner in which you were removed from Netley castle to this place. Believe me, however, nothing would have tempted Hildebrand to adopt so harsh a conduct had he not been

convinced it was the only method of securing to himself the idol of his bosom.

"Yes, fair maid, I have long loved you to distraction, and lived under the tortures of dissembling a passion which absorbed my whole soul. You remember full well, Agnes, how I disclosed the emotions of my bosom to you; and that I was rewarded for my affectionate attachment by the scorn of yourself, and the anger of your father. The haughty rebukes of Sir Raymond, demanded from my injured feelings immediate vengeance, and nothing secured the safety of your indignant parent, but the hope of making him one day the means of my possessing his daughter. That period is now arrived; both him and you are within the walls of Netley Abbey, and entirely at the disposal of myself. The security and happiness of both rest with you. If Agnes will listen to the vows of Hildebrand, all shall yet be well; but should she despise his regard, let the fatal consequences of her unmerited scorn be placed to her own account. Three days, lady, will I absent myself from the monastery, that you may consider maturely what I have said, and at the end of that period, I shall return to receive your determination. In the interim, I trust you will reconcile yourself to these apartments, which are stored with every means of comfort and convenience. The adjoining room contains a couch for your repose, and the lute with which you have so often soothed my silent sorrows; and father Peter has strict orders to provide every necessary that you may wish to be accommodated with."

"Hildebrand waited not for my reply, but instantly left the room, taking care to secure the door when he retired.

"You may imagine, my lord, the scene I had just encountered, was not calculated to raise my spirits; in truth it threw me into an agitation that effectually prevented any repose during the remainder of the night. I employed therefore these sleepless hours,

in considering what my cousin had said, and determining how I should receive him at the expiration of three days. Sometimes I resolved to dissemble with him, and by pretending a regard which I did not feel, endeavour by these means to gain at least a little time. But I dropped this idea on recollecting the subtlety of Hildebrand, who was too deeply skilled in the arts of dissembling himself, to be imposed upon by the like practices in another.— Besides, my soul revolted at the thought of dissimulation; and falsehood, in every shape I had been taught from my earliest youth to detest. For myself, indeed, I had now ceased to be greatly alarmed, because I hoped that my hardest trial would be a confinement for life; but the thought of my dear parent, whose situation and fate I was ignorant of, filled me with pain and apprehension. I was, however, without the means of satisfying my curiosity, or doing away my fears on this subject; earnest petitions to heaven were all I could offer for his protection, and my own consolation.

“ During these three days of Hildebrand’s absence, I repeatedly endeavored to gain some information respecting Sir Raymond, from father Peter, my only attendant; but he preserved an obstinate silence on this topic, and was only eloquent in the praises of my cousin, which he perpetually sounded in my ears.

“ The fourth day at length arrived, and in the evening, Hildebrand entered my apartment. He appeared to be somewhat gayer than usual, (which I soon perceived proceeded from intoxication,) and approaching me with a libertine and confident air, he seized my hand: “ Well my fair cousin,” cried he, “ shall Hildebrand be happy? Will Agnes, despising the absurd prejudices of that fancied good which musty greybeards have denominated virtue, consent to bless the arms of her faithful and adoring slave? Speak delicious angel; or let me interpret

the beautiful suffusion that glows upon your cheek, as the silent assent of bashful modesty !

“ All the spirit of my father animated my bosom at this insufferable insult. I forgot that I was unprotected and alone, but starting up, and spurning Hildebrand from me (for he had fallen on one knee at my feet) I exclaimed “ Perfidious monster, avaunt ! and know to thy confusion, that my soul both loaths and despises thee, Dost thou think that Agnes Warren can feel one sentiment of regard for a wretch, base, remorseless, and unnatural like thyself ? No, sooner would I perish, than give thee reason for a moment to entertain a thought so derogatory to my dignity and virtue !

“ Surprise prevented Hildebrand’s immediate reply ; his brow, however, contracted into a frown, and his eyes gleamed with fury. “ It is enough ” said he, at length in the voice of a daemon, “ thy words have fixed my wavering resolution. But my vengeance shall be complete. Proud, insulting girl, both Sir Raymond and yourself shall fully expiate the affronts cast on Hildebrand. That foolish affection which I once entertained for thee I from henceforth discard ; but revenge will find thee a pleasing object to sate itself upon ” With this dreadful threat he departed : leaving me to reflect on words that but too well disclosed the plans of horror with which his imagination teemed.

“ Upwards of a fortnight elapsed, without another visit from my cousin ; I gradually resumed my tranquillity, and began to flatter myself he might have reflected on the injustice of his conduct, or at least have laid aside all his sanguinary purposes. Vain supposition ! Oh ! that I had never lived to be undeceived !

“ One evening, father Peter, as usual, had brought me some refreshment. When he retired, I observed the door of the apartment did not return its usual terrifying sound on being shut. As soon, therefore, as he was completely out of hearing, I ap-

proached it, and, on examination, found that it remained open. I looked into the passage; listened attentively; and hearing no noise, took the taper, and resolved to attempt regaining my liberty.

"I turned into a narrow passage which presented itself on my left hand. It was long and dark. My heart palpitated, as I entered it, a certain fearful foreboding of evil, almost deterred me from proceeding. Leaning, however, against the wall for a few moments, and recommending myself to the protection of the Almighty, my resolution returned. I now observed a door grated with iron; as I approached it, a deep and hollow groan reached my ear. Again I hesitated; but fate impelled me forward. A few inarticulate words uttered in a feeble tone, issued from the cell. My heart in a moment vibrated to the sound, and acknowledged the well known accents of my father's voice. I sprang to the grating—but merciful God! what language can describe the accumulated horrors that seized my soul, when I beheld by the reflection of the taper, my much loved parent, stretched on the damp pavement of a noisome dungeon, pale, emaciated, and expiring! The shriek of distraction which I uttered on beholding this terrible vision, rekindled in him for a moment the dying embers of departing existence, and called back his fleeting senses. He raised his dim eye to the grating! "Oh!" cried he, in heart-piercing accents, "will ye not in pity spare me one small morsel of bread to quell the pain of hunger? one drop of water to quench this raging thirst? Cruel Hildebrand, let mercy find its way, for once, into thy bosom; plunge thy dagger to my heart, and save me from the agonies of lingering torment."

"The torture of my soul on hearing these words, prevented an immediate reply; the taper in the mean time threw a gleam of light on my face, and Sir Raymond for a moment, knew his child. "Agnes! my darling, my beloved," exclaimed he, "art

thou then still in being? Hast thou escaped the bloody fangs of thy unnatural cousin? Gracious father of the wretched, I thank thee for this unexpected blessing! this sweetner of my bitter cup! But alas! what avails the mournful meeting? The shades of death encompass me, and a few moments must number thy parent with the departed. Seven days have now elapsed since my parched mouth has known the taste of aliment or drink. Hildebrand, the serpent which I nourished in my bosom, with more than savage cruelty, has thus revenged the rebukes he received on thy account, and which he never could forget. Oh! my darling, would I could breath my last expiring sigh upon thy bosom—but these poor feeble limbs refuse their office—Farewell then my child, farewell forever! may the Almighty guardian of innocence preserve thee from the fury of thy cousin, and lead thee to safety and to peace. And if it permit thee ever to behold my gallant Raymond again, give him the parting blessing of his murdered father”

“I have a confused recollection of the deep and lengthened groan that put a period to my parent’s pangs, but my senses could not long support the tumult of my soul. My heart was bursting; my brain was fired. Distraction at length produced a temporary oblivion of the horrors of my situation.

“I know not how long I continued in a state of phrenzy; but I apprehend many weeks must have elapsed before I recovered my reason perfectly. I then found that I had struggled through a dreadful delirious fever, which youth alone, and a good constitution enabled me to overcome. This disorder left me reduced and emaciated, but at the same time composed and resigned. It had blunted the poignancy of affliction; and though it had not removed my woes, it enabled me to bear them with pious fortitude.

“In the mean time I continued to be supplied with every necessary by father Peter, whose atten-

tions were constant and regular. He observed, however, an obstinate silence with regard to the horrible scene which had occasioned my illness; and I could scarcely get him to exchange a word with me on any subject. I was, notwithstanding, satisfied with this gloomy taciturnity, so long as the hateful Hildebrand forbore to torture me with his presence. It was indeed, a matter of surprise to me that I had not seen him since my indisposition; though, I afterwards learned his absence was occasioned by a visit which he made at that time to the young king, with whom he had formerly been very intimate. But my quiet was of no long duration; further and greater trials were preparing for me.

"One morning, the abbot came in, at his usual hour, with provisions for the day. "Lady," said he, "Sir Hildebrand Warren has ordered me to notify to you, that he this evening intends to visit the mistress of his affections." My soul was chilled at the information, and the approach of night filled me with unutterable horror. I continued in dreadful expectation till nearly twelve o'clock, when the fall of the trap-door, which was closed with great violence, announced the coming of the murderer of my father. I heard his hateful step along the echoing passage; a moment after the door of my prison flew open, and Hildebrand entered.

"A conflict of contending passions kept me silent: and I could only look horror and detestation. The monster, however, approached me confidently, his eyes gleamed with determined villany. Seizing my hand with a force which I could not resist, he exclaimed, "behold me not Agnes, thus indignantly; nor oblige me to adopt those measures which I would willingly avoid. I am come hither once more to offer thee the hand of sir Hildebrand Warren. If thou art wise, and dost listen to my vows, I will strait conduct thee to liberty and splendor. Netley Castle shall again receive thee, and of

that and its master thou shalt have sole command."

"Inhuman villain!" "returned I, murderer of my parent, and base usurper of my brother's rights, how darst thou approach the daughter of the good Sir Raymond, whose only fault was taking such a viper as thee to his bosom? No—rather would I pass the gates of death, than ever think of thee but with hate, contempt, and horror."

"Simple girl," cried Hildebrand with the countenance of a fiend "how I smile at thy indignation, which only serves to lighten up thy beauties, and make thee more attractive in my eye. I would willingly have made thee partner of my fortunes; but since thou hast thought fit to scorn my favor, know that Hildebrand will possess by force, what he has petitioned for in vain." Saying this, he caught me in his arms. Unutterable anguish pierced my bosom; I shrieked aloud, but there was no one to hear me; I struggled to free myself from his grasp, but all my struggles were in vain. Breathless and exhausted I raised my streaming eyes to heaven. "Spirit of my father," cried I, "preserve thy child from pollution." nor did providence disregard my petition. A sudden blast of wind that shook the building, rushed along the passage, and a hollow groan echoed through the vaults. The countenance of Hildebrand became pale with terror; he started and retreated from me several steps.

"I was myself astonished at the sounds; but the idea of availing myself of his amazement, was the first that arose in my mind. "Wretched man," said I, "mark how the hand of heaven has interposed to protect my injured innocence. - Cease then to tempt its lingering vengeance; but hasten from these subterranean abodes, which thou hast already stained with murder, lest they should become the scene of thy deserved and terrible punishment."—For a moment he continued silent, but at length fiercely replied: "No, insolent girl, think not I will

be disappointed of my revenge. Away all idle fears, all superstitious terrors; though hell itself should gape before me, I still would execute my meditated purpose."

"Mad with rage he again approached me, and despair again shook my feeble frame. But omnipotence was my succor. The blast once more roared with tenfold violence; the caverns trembled to their foundations; the massive door of the cell was burst open; and the spirit of my father, clad in complete armour, appeared.

"The vision was but momentary, for ere I could address the well known form, it had disappeared; but the benevolent purposes of heaven were fully answered. Horror and distraction overspread the livid countenance of my cousin; he uttered some incoherent words, and sunk upon the ground.

"The uncommon noises which had been heard, alarmed, in the mean time, the slumbering ecclesiastics, and father Peter with two or three of the brethren, rushed into my apartment. Their astonishment may be easily imagined, when they beheld the situation of Hildebrand, who appeared entirely void of sense or motion. Consulting together a moment, however, on the proper steps to be taken for his recovery, they agreed it would be better to remove him into the air, and accordingly departed from the room, and left me to my meditations; the abbot having first taken care to secure the door.

"A variety of emotions agitated my soul. I bent my grateful knee to that beneficent being, who by an unexpected exertion of kindness, had thus rescued me from the horrors of despair. My bosom received confidence and comfort in the idea of my being under the protection of the father of mercy; and a deep desire to be accounted worthy of this favor, settled in my heart.

"Thus supported by the consolations of religion, my fears and tumults subsided; and though I could not but wish for deliverance from the gloomy regions

to which I was confined, yet I did not suffer myself to be unhappy, because no immediate prospect of relief appeared. What I chiefly dreaded was the presence of my detestable cousin; but from this trial I was unaccountably preserved, since weeks and months elapsed without his visiting my prison. For some time I imagined he had never recovered from the state of insensibility into which the supernatural vision had thrown him; but father Peter did not suffer me to continue long in the error, since he assured me Sir Hildebrand was still alive, and had received the confirmation from the crown of all my father's honors and demesnes, in consequence of certain intelligence having been received of my brother's assassination on the continent.

"This news, as may be supposed, sunk deeply into my heart; I now saw myself deprived of every earthly stay; heaven was my only hope, thither alone could I look for comfort and for peace. Still however, the days rolled on, and Sir Hildebrand did not appear; nor indeed has he ever distressed me with his presence, since the night I have just described; a circumstance which I can only account for on the supposition, that his guilty conscience was too much terrified to allow him to visit those abodes again, which had been the scenes of his cruelties, and where his terrors had been so much excited.

"But I fear, my lord, my story becomes tedious; allow me then to bring it to a conclusion. A few evenings since, finding myself rather indisposed, I retired to my couch for repose. When I awoke, and returned into the outer chamber, I perceived the door was by accident left open. I proceeded immediately into the narrow passage, and ascended a flight of steps that caught my eye. These I had passed, and had penetrated to the cloisters, when a monk discovered me by the reflection of the moon on my white dress. He alarmed the convent, and two of the brethren immediately seized, and rudely

forced me again down the stairs. Twice, however, I screamed with all my strength, in the hope that these cries of distress might excite the attention and curiosity of some way-faring traveller — Nor was my hope unfounded; your son my lord, (as he informed me) heard the shrieks, which first raised his suspicion, and led to the inquiry, that has terminated in his delivering the unfortunate Agnes Warren from Netley Abbey.

“Such, baron, is the melancholy story of a friendless orphan, deprived in early youth, of all that she held dear; robbed by perfidious cruelty of those who should have been her guides, and guardians through life. But thanks be to heaven, which in its kindness has thus unexpectedly thrown me under the protection of the baron De Villars, whose honor and generosity are sufficient securities to me, that he will supply the place of father and of brother.”

CHAPTER XV.

.

“By heaven, it fires my frozen blood with rage,
“And makes it scald my aged trunk.”

DE VILLARS and his children were deeply affected at the melancholy tale of Agnes Warren. — The baron heard with horror and astonishment the inhuman perfidy of Hildebrand towards his old and valued friend; Eleanora sympathised with the fair sufferer in each situation of her alarm and distress; whilst Edward's bosom experienced a rapid succession of emotions according to the various circumstances of the story.

The impressions which the daughter of Sir Raymond had before made on him, were confirmed and exalted. His heart whispered to him he could only

hope for happiness from her; but doubts and anxieties perplexed him.

The diffidence that generally accompanies intellectual worth, prevented him from entertaining the idea of his having already made any particular progress in her favor; and even could he have persuaded himself that he possessed her good opinion, yet the broken fortunes of his family would have crushed every hope of binding her to him by the ties of marriage.

"What," said he to himself, "shall a ruined, and forlorn fugitive from his country, without friends, without possessions, lift his thoughts to Agnes Warren, and basely endeavor to involve in ruin and distress such excellence as her's? No, perish the thought; Edward de Villars shall never be dishonorable. Rather let all his selfish hopes be extinguished forever, than the bosom of unsuspecting innocence be pierced with one pang on his account."

While these reflections were passing in the mind of Edward, his father and sister had mingled their tears with those of Agnes, and soothed her sorrows by participating them. "But come," said the baron, "let us not sink into despondency, and lose the precious moments in unavailing woe, but look to brighter scenes, and happier days. Heaven, Agnes, will still reward your piety and sufferings; and the unnatural disturber of your peace shall shortly meet the just reward of his complicated villany — In the mean time, behold in me your father and your friend; such protection as my shattered state affords, shall never be refused to the daughter of Sir Raymond Warren."

De Villars had scarcely finished his speech, when Robert came into the room to acquaint his lord, that the knight, who had rescued the lady Eleanora, was at the gate of the castle, and desired admittance. "Run quickly," said the baron, "and open our doors to the deliverer of my child. Heaven I thank thee, that thou hast permitted me e'er I quit my

country, to behold him once again, to whom I owe my poor remains of earthly happiness."

The faithful domestic flew to obey his lord, and shortly returned, followed by the knight, who wore the same black armour in which De Villars had before seen him

A sudden blush overspread the countenance of Eleanora on his entrance; an universal agitation shook her frame, and it was with difficulty she could support herself. Fortunately, however, her confusion was not noticed, for a more surprising scene immediately occupied the attention of De Villars and his son.

The knight had advanced towards the former in order to pay his respects, when his eye by accident fixed itself on the countenance of Agnes Warren; her whole face was displayed by the veil being thrown back. For a moment he gazed on her with the utmost earnestness; then suddenly unclasping his helmet, he sprang forward and embracing her, exclaimed, "Great God! 'tis she, 'tis she herself, 'tis Agnes, my beloved!"

Astonishment overwhelmed the daughter of Sir Raymond; but it soon gave way to more pleasing emotions, on her recollecting in the features of the young knight, the countenance of her brother. Excessive transport rendered her incapable of expressing the workings of her soul; she fell upon his neck, and wept aloud.

Nor could the spectators behold the interesting scene unmoved. A meeting thus unexpected, between those bound to each other by the strongest ties of fraternal affection, when they had mutually relinquished the idea of each others being in existence; produced a surprise so new, a delight so tumultuous in the principal parties, as powerfully called forth the feelings of De Villars and his children. Incoherent expressions of joy and congratulation, formed the only language that passed for a few minutes.

The knight, however, recovering himself, turned to de Villars saying, "Excuse, my lord, the indulgence of those transports which were excited by a rencounter thus happy and unhopcd for.—Ten years have now elapsed since the separation of Agnes and myself. A separation, alas ! fatal to the life of my father, and the peace of his unfortunate offspring ! But let me forget the wretchedness of the past, in gratitude for the present boon that heaven has been pleased to bestow, the recovery of my sister, the friend of my youth, in the moment when despair bade me cease to look for her on this side the grave."

"Knight" returned the baron, "attempt not to apologise for emotions which do honor to our natures de Villars, believe me, sympathises in your extacy, from his very soul.—The ties with which gratitude had before bound him to you, are now still closer drawn, since he discovers in the deliverer of his daughter the gallant son of sir Raymond Warren.—But come, my children, welcome to our castle, the representative of my ancient friend ; whose countenance impresses on my recollection those manly graces, that vigorous beauty, which adorned his father in the first period of our acquaintance."

Edward instantly rushed forward, and snatching the hand of the knight with fervor to his bosom, expressed, in animated terms, the happiness he experienced at being able to thank him for the infinite obligations he had conferred on his family, and to offer him at the same time his warm and undivided friendship.—Eleanora also approached, her countenance deeply suffused with blushes—She attempted to congratulate him on the unexpected interview with his sister, and to bid him welcome to the baron's residence ; but her words were unconnected, and her manner embarrassed.

De Villars saw the distress under which she laboured, and instantly divined the cause ; but willing to relieve it, he requested Raymond to favor them with a detail of his adventures.—"Doubtless,"

said he, "you must have witnessed many interesting scenes, since your departure from your native country. Inform us then, of the events that have occurred; and the reasons which induced you thus to conceal your real character, and to assume this mysterious appearance, since your return to England."

The knight bowed an assent to de Villars' request, and began as follows:

"It is needless for me to enter into the history of the domestic concerns of our family, previous to my departure for the continent, because little interesting to others occurred in them.—No accident or disaster broke in upon our peace, or varied our uniform and happy mode of living, till the decease of my beloved mother. From that moment felicity forsook our dwelling; the disconsolate sir Raymond sunk into the deepest melancholy, and determined to abstract himself immediately, in his country residence, from all society.

"I probably should have accompanied him to his retreat in Hampshire, had not Guy, count of Flanders (a relation of my mother) just at this period, given me an invitation to his court.—He had formed an alliance with the late king, and undertaken to invade the territories of Philip the Fair, of France, with whom Edward was then at war.

"The call of glory to the youthful mind, is irresistible; I panted for military fame, and thought this a favorable opportunity of acquiring unfading laurels, in the field of battle. Without hesitation therefore I accepted the offer, and in an evil hour, deserted my parent and my sister. Sacred shade of my sire, forgive this breach of filial duty, and let the frequent tears of vain regret, which I have shed, propitiate thy pardon!

"The tumults of war employed my mind so effectually, for six or seven years, that altho' I rarely received any tidings from my native land, I was not anxious on this account.—A little relaxation

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however, in military toil, allowed me to turn my thoughts towards those connections, who still possessed my warm, my undivided regard.—A twelve month elapsed without hearing from them. A special messenger whom I dispatched from the army, which was then in Brabant, did not return; I became seriously uneasy about them, and solicited permission to visit England myself, and satisfy my anxieties.

“The count of Flanders had granted my request, and I was prepared to set out, when a sudden misunderstanding took place between him and John duke of Brabant, and instantly burst into mutual hostilities. The command I held in Guy’s army was an high and important one, from which I could not absent myself without danger to the service.—Private considerations therefore were obliged to give way to public duties. I relinquished the idea of leaving the continent as yet, and bent my whole attention to the business of the war.

“One evening after a successful rencounter with the enemy, I retired to my tent, oppressed with fatigue, to enjoy an hour’s repose.—I slept undisturbed till midnight, when I awoke. The door of the tent was unclosed, and the full moon threw her placid reflection on my couch. Immediately in the front, a venerable wood reared its aspiring head; and by its “brown horrors” formed a fine contrast to the rich radiance of the planet of the night.—All was hushed around; and not even a breeze disturbed the solemn quiet of the hour.

“I was struck with the awful beauty of the scene, and naturally fell into meditations of a serious nature. Busy fancy began to present her fictions to my mind, my thoughts turned to England, and fears for the safety of those dear connections which I had left there arose.

“I reflected with pain on the length of time that had elapsed, since any tidings of them had reached my knowledge. The state of distress to which my

father had been reduced by the death of his lady, and the unprotected situation in which Agnes would be left in case of any accident happening to him, next occurred to my recollection. Imagination conjured up a thousand distressing chimieras; I reproached myself, for having thus long absented myself, from those of whom I ought to have been the protector; and resolved to return to Sir Raymond as soon as I could absent myself from the army without dishonor.

“Whilst these reflections passed in my mind, my eye was bent on the skirting of the wood, through which the beams of the moon darted an intercepted radiance. On a sudden the form of an armed warrior appeared, pacing slowly between the trees.—He soon however left the wood, and directed his steps towards me. Surprised at the unusual sight, I started from my couch, and sprang to the door of my tent, the knight approached; his helmet was open; the moon played upon his face, and discovered to my astonished vision, a pale and sorrowful countenance in which I traced the features of my father.

“Wonder rivetted me to the spot whereon I stood; and prevented me from either approaching or questioning the phantom; which heaving a deep sigh, exclaimed in mournful accents, “Raymond, beware of Hildebrand!” A spreading cedar tree, hid, at this moment, the appearance from my view, and I saw it no more.

“The apprehensions which I had before entertained, were now confirmed; and the solemn monition pronounced by the shade of my father; afforded me a clue, by which I could discover the author of all the dreaded evils. What they might be I was at a loss to conclude; but I could not doubt they were of an extraordinary nature, as it had pleased providence to prepare me for them, in a manner out of the common course of its operations.

“Reflections of this nature occupied my mind till

morning; when I left my tent, fully resolved to take an early opportunity of quitting the army, and departing for England.

"A few days elapsed without any particular circumstance occurring; the enemy having been beaten in various skirmishes, did not show themselves without their encampment, and left our forces to a temporary repose. During this interval of inaction, I gave myself up entirely to reflection on the singular scene I had witnessed; and indulged my melancholy, by frequenting the wood, from whence the spirit of my parent had appeared to proceed; flattering myself that I might be indulged once more with the awful vision.

"I had repeated these solitary walks for several evenings, but usually returned to the encampment before midnight. I remained, however, in the solemn shades, one night later than usual, and the distant village clock beat the hour of twelve, before I thought of leaving them. I had scarcely turned to retrace my road, when I distinctly heard a whisper at a few paces from me. I listened, but the sounds had ceased. The supernatural warning I had lately received, occurred to my recollection: I unsheathed my trusty sword, and proceeded. There was a small brake on my right hand, which I must necessarily pass, from whence, indeed, the whisper appeared to me to come. Nor was I mistaken; for as soon as I had reached it, two people in military habits and armed with daggers, started up from behind it, and rushed upon me.

"I was, however, prepared for their reception, and in a moment laid the foremost of them dead at my feet. The surviving villain, had in the mean time grazed my left shoulder with his weapon; and was preparing a blow at my heart—but I prevented his intention by burying my sword in his side.

"He fell to the ground; and I had lifted my arm to put him instantly to death; when he exclaimed, "spare for a moment Sir Knight, a wretch who has

already received his death at your hands. A few minutes must close my existence; and I look with horror on the crime which I have been induced to attempt committing. But e'er I quit the world, I would willingly make all the amends in my power to injured innocence, by unfolding the reasons which actuated me to this bloody deed.

"Hildebrand your kinsman, is the author of this villany. His cursed gold corrupted the honesty of myself, and brother, who now lies dead before you; and engaged us to undertake your assassination.—For this purpose, we came, a few days since to the army as volunteers; and ever since our arrival, have carefully watched an opportunity of executing our scheme. To-night appeared a favourable one; but mark how Heaven has frustrated the sanguinary design. I die however without regret, because I trust my untimely fall will atone, in some degree, for my atrocious guilt. But think not youth, that this is the only evil you may expect from the hands of Hildebrand. By him your father is murdered: your rights are usurped; and your sister——" Death prevented him from concluding the sentence; he fell back, and groaned out his miserable soul.

"He had uttered, however, sufficient to fill me with horror and dismay. All my fears were now realized. Part of his terrible detail, the death of Sir Raymond, had been confirmed by the previous adventure which befel me, and the remainder, told in the moment of dissolution, I could not disbelieve.

"But the uncertainty in which he left me, respecting Agnes, was intolerable. Every possible situation of distress, arose to my affrighted imagination, and nearly deprived me of reason. I hurried to my tent, and waited impatiently for the morning, determined, whatever might be the consequence to hasten immediately to England. The dawn at length appeared; I changed my usual costly armour for the black suit which I at present wear; mounted

my palfrey, and left the army. I used all the expedition in my power; passed into Normandy, then took shipping, and soon arrived on the coast of Sussex.

“It now behoved me to act with the greatest caution, since I found by my enquiries, that it was universally believed throughout the country, Sir Raymond Warren and his daughter had died several months before, of a contagious fever, and Raymond the son been carried off by assassination, on the continent. Part of this infernal fabrication I could have immediately disproved, by declaring myself to be the son of the deceased knight; but this disclosure, prudence forbid me to make, because I also understood that Hildebrand, had received an ample confirmation of the young king, with whom he was a great favorite, of all the possessions of my late father; and had established himself in the demesne, by collecting around him a band of retainers more numerous than any baron in those parts.

“These circumstances therefore, made me resolve to keep myself concealed for the present, and wait patiently for an opportunity of revenging the death of my father, vindicating my rights, and rescuing my sister from the power of Hildebrand, if, happily she yet survived his bloody machinations. That I might be the better able to make every proper observation, and take advantage of each favorable circumstance as it arose, I resolved to approach as near to the castle of Netley, as I could without danger of discovery, and accordingly proceeded by nocturnal journies to that neighborhood.

“I had already reached the woods which surround the mansion, and saw its stately turrets tower above the trees, when I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of our old domestic Gilbert Nowil, who crossed the path down which I rode. I called to him by name; the faithful creature knew my voice, and in an extacy of joy threw himself at my feet.

"And is it possible," cried he, "that my aged eyes should again be blessed with a sight of my young lord, when every hope of his being yet alive had left me? But fly," continued he, after a short pause, "fly from this abode of death and horror. The bloody Hildebrand possesses these demesnes, and should his numerous followers discover you, rest assured that all the violence of power, and arts of cunning would be exhausted to destroy you. Your faithful servant has a small cottage at three miles distance from hence; thither will I conduct you, my lord, and there may you continue quietly concealed, till it please heaven (which will not suffer villany long to triumph) to point out some method for the recovery of your usurped rights."

"I suffered myself to be persuaded by Gilbert, and accompanied him to his residence, where I also found the old domestic of my sister, to whom he had afforded protection, ever since their dismissal from the service of my father. On our way to the cottage, I learnt each circumstance that had transpired since I departed from England, to the time of the sudden disappearance of Sir Raymond and my sister. What had befallen them after that period he was unable to inform me, though he suspected from certain circumstances which he had both heard and observed, that Netley Abbey was in some manner concerned with their fate. From him also I learned the arrival of your family, baron, in the neighborhood of my father's territories, and the partiality which my detestable kinsman had ventured to declare for your amiable daughter.

"Gilbert's detail filled me with astonishment and rage; and I should immediately have ridden to the Castle, and discovered myself to be the rightful owner of the demesne, had not my impetuosity been restrained by the prudent suggestions of my aged counsellor, who endeavored to sooth my bosom with the hope of future opportunities more favourable to my purpose than the present one.

"I therefore continued quiet in my retreat for a few days, until I was roused by the intelligence of Sir Hildebrand Warren's intended tournament held in honor of the baron De Villars' daughter. No consideration could now prevent my visiting the Castle, and attending the entertainment. I could not endure the idea of the infernal destroyer of my family making my usurped possessions the theatre of his own glory ; and the thought of so much beauty and worth as the lady Eleanora was reported to possess, being sacrificed to such a wretch, was equally intolerable. I therefore, on the morning appointed for the justing, mounted my palfrey, and rode towards the castle, fully determined to execute my plans of vengeance, by putting Sir Hildebrand to death during the tournament.

"You baron were witness to the scene that passed. My intention was frustrated, as I found afterwards ; or I should not have quitted the list without fulfilling my purpose, had not I apprehended that our third meeting had been fatal to him, when however I returned, and was assured that Hildebrand survived the rencounter, my chagrin became extreme, and I resolved by some means or other, to try my own arm with him once more in single combat.

"For this purpose I caused his motions to be observed, and learnt that he usually visited the abbey, unattended, every day about noon—Yesterday it was my intention to intercept him ; when in my way towards the spot that I had pitched on as my place of ambush, I beheld your fair daughter, my lord, in the situation of distress, from which it was my happy lot to deliver her. After rendering her safe, into your hands, I continued my route, and waited, without seeing any person, till night made it necessary for me to return to Gilbert's cottage.

"This morning, however, I again set out for the same place, and had been there some hours, when I was informed by a menial domestic of Hil-

debrand's, that his master had yesterday gone with a large party of his retainers into the New Forest, for the purpose of hunting, and intended to continue there several days. For a short time, therefore, I was obliged to lay aside my scheme; and on my return from the retreat took this opportunity of paying my respects at your lordship's castle; where however I little expected to find that dear connection, whom my fears had long since numbered with the dead.

"For my father's fate I dread almost to ask, but melancholy certainty, is not so painful as suspense; unfold therefore Agnes, the sad truth whatever it may be, and tell me by what blessed providence I find you thus in health and safety."

The baron's family united in requesting that Agnes would again relate her story, Raymond listened to the recital with silent sorrow, the tear of affection rolled down his manly cheek, and sympathetic tenderness moistened the eye of every one present. His sister having concluded her story, the baron imparted to him the resolution he had formed of immediately quitting England, together with his reasons for so doing, and pressed his accompanying the party to the continent.

Raymond returned his grateful thanks, for the interest which De Villars thus kindly took in his concerns, and gladly availed himself of the proposition; "but," said he, "my lord, it will not be necessary to execute your design so immediately as you proposed. Hildebrand has left his castle for some days; and it is certain nothing can be attempted by him till he returns. Let us therefore remain two days longer e'er we depart, that every necessary arrangement may be made for the expedition; and proper directions left with the faithful Gilbert, in case it should please providence to order events in such a manner, as may enable us once more to return to England."

The baron immediately acceded to the proposal

of Sir Raymond (who now assumed his legal title) and with the greater pleasure, as it allowed Agnes his daughter to make more comfortable preparations than the shortness of the time would otherwise have allowed them.

CHAPTER XVI.

.....

Here vice dragg'd forth by truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity. *Brown.*

THE interesting occurrences of the day, had awakened all the sensibilities of the parties concerned in them, and the penetration of de Villars easily discovered that a reciprocal attachment had taken place between Edward and Agnes Warren, as well as between sir Raymond and his daughter.—It was with the sincerest pleasure he beheld this mutual partiality, the disinterested affection of generous and congenial souls, but as he still considered his family within the power of Hildebrand, he determined to drop no hint of his being conscious of the situation of their hearts, till such time as he had entirely escaped the reach of his machinations.—He therefore stimulated them to exert themselves in providing for their departure, on the evening of the second day.

Sir Raymond and Edward in the interim, had entered into the firmest bonds of friendship, mutually unfolded their sentiments, and engaged to assist each other in their different suits; while Agnes and Eleanora, with equal candour had acted in the same confidential manner; and disclosed without reserve, the predilection which they felt for their respective deliverers.

The baron having obtained from sir Raymond the information of Gilbert's retreat, dispatched Robert

to his cottage, that he might conduct both him and Frances to the castle ; the latter of whom, Agnes Warren was desirous of taking into exile with her. The faithful creatures soon arrived, but language is unable to paint their unaffected joy, in once more beholding a mistress, whose kindness and generosity had ever deprived servitude of its pain, and engaged them to her by the strongest bonds of affection. Frances heard with the most unfeigned delight the arrangements which had been made, and declared that nothing should again separate her from her beloved mistress.—Gilbert also promised to watch the motions of Hildebrand with the strictest vigilance ; to unfold gradually through the country, his complicated villanies, as well as the means by which young Warren and his sister had been enabled to escape them ; and to deliver into the hands of de Villars' friends the Earls of Hereford, Pembroke, and Lancaster, letters containing a full detail of all the occurrences which had happened.

Every thing was now prepared for the departure of the baron and his family. The second evening had arrived ; the bark which should convey them to the continent floated in the river ; and the party only waited for the quiet and darkness of midnight that they might get on board their vessel without observation.—The clock at length struck eleven ; the domestics were laden with provisions and necessities for the expedition ; and de Villars led Agnes Warren to the gate of the castle.

He was on the point of opening it, when a violent knocking alarmed the party.—For a moment surprise kept them silent ; the baron, however, soon exclaimed, " Robert unbar the gate ; if it be a friend who knocks thus loudly, we need not be concerned, and should it be our foe, our number and the goodness of our cause will enable us to defy his malice." On these words ; Robert opened the gate, (the ladies having first retired) and discovered a man in

the habit of a monk, whose look bespoke terror, dismay and astonishment.

As soon as he beheld de Villars, "hasten my lord," exclaimed he, in interrupted accents, "to Netley Abbey, which teems with blood and horror." The baron desired the ecclesiastic to compose himself, and to be more explicit with regard to what had occasioned his alarm. "My lord," replied he, "it is now vain to endeavor to keep that from your knowledge, which must shortly be fully unfolded. I will therefore be candid, and hope that my confession may be received as the price of pardon.

"Many months since, the daughter of sir Raymond Warren was committed by sir Hildebrand to the care of father Peter, and confined in a subterraneous apartment in our abbey, which had been prepared under the immediate inspection of sir Hildebrand, in the life time of his uncle. Here she continued nearly two years; during which time, altho' sir Hildebrand had only three or four interviews with her, yet he generally paid a visit to the monastery every day, to make enquiries relative to his prisoner, whom he had determined to confine for life.

"A few evenings past, a youth disguised as a minstrel, found means to introduce himself to our monastery. He imposed upon the abbot, and gained his permission to remain there one night; during the course of which, he discovered the apartment of sir Raymond's daughter and rescued her from confinement. On the morning when the circumstance was known, father Peter, half dead with consternation, caused immediate search and enquiry to be made for the fugitives; but without effect.—He dreaded to see sir Hildebrand, as he had given him the strictest charges for the safe custody of the lady; the case however was remediless, and he could only unfold to him what had happened.

"This evening the knight returned from a hunting match in the New Forest, and an hour since,

reached the abbey, much intoxicated with wine, a practice to which he has of late been considerably addicted. His first inquiry was for Agnes Warren : whose flight he learnt with rage that bordered on phrenzy.—He loaded the abbot with every execration passion suggested, and swore he would put him to death unless he immediately discovered the place of her retreat. These invectives, and menaces roused father Peter's indignation ; he made a sharp reply. Sir Hildebrand was enflamed to madness ; and plucking a dagger from his side, he rushed upon the abbot, and plunged it in his bosom. The blow was mortal ; but ere he fell, he seized the weapon from the hand of sir Hildebrand and inflicted a deep and fatal wound in his groin, which bro't him also to the ground.

" Father Peter, my lord, immediately expired ; but his antagonist, after a short time, recovered both his sense and reason. He soon saw that a few more hours must terminate his existence, and a consciousness of the many crimes he had committed instantly arose to his disturbed mind. His penitence is, however, deep, and his wishes are to employ the remaining portion of life, in endeavoring to make atonement for his offences. For this purpose he dispatched messengers for several of his retainers and domestics, and ordered me to fly to the castle of baron de Villars, and request the immediate attendance, of you my lord, your son and daughter at the abbey."

The detail of the monk filled his audience with astonishment and awe. The baron lifted his eyes to heaven, and breathed an ejaculation of grateful wonder to that being, who thus unexpectedly illumines the darkness of despair ; raises the drooping spirits of suffering virtue ; and humbles in the dust the towering schemes of daring profligacy.

" Monk" said the baron, " return to the abbey, and announce our immediate approach. We will follow thee with all speed." As soon as he was de-

parted, "Children," continued de Villars, "mark how the hand of heaven is at length, manifested in our favor, at the moment when hope had ceased to cheer us—Such is the reward of a pious resignation to its decrees. Let no man then imperiously arraign the most high, if in the course of his moral government of his creatures, iniquity appears to triumph, and piety to be depressed; but let him learn from our adventures, that the time will come when patient suffering shall be recompensed with its reward, and insulting vice be deservedly punished.

The party now proceeded to the abbey, which they soon reached. All here was confusion and alarm; the monks conscious of their iniquities, were trembling with apprehension, and several of sir Hildebrand's retainers stood in the cloisters, whose countenances expressed the despair they entertained of their patron's recovery.

At length the baron and his son entered the refectory, the theatre of the bloody tragedy which had been acted; sir Raymond remaining with the ladies, in the cloisters without. Here they beheld a scene dreadful beyond description. In one corner of the room lay the abbot, deprived of life, and weltering in his blood. But his features had not lost the distortions with which rage and pain had stamped them. In another part appeared Hildebrand, stretched upon a couch in a state of horror next to madness. Four attendants endeavored to secure his hands, and to prevent him from tearing away the bandages that had been applied to his wound. Lamentations for his enormities, mingled with shrieks, and execrations, burst occasionally from him; while his bloodshot eyes that rolled with fearful rapidity, too well bespoke the despair which harrowed his soul.

Exhausted at length with struggling and exertion, he grew more composed; and returning recollection enabled him to perceive and know de Villars and his son. The sight of them had nearly reduced

him again to distraction. For a few minutes he was silent, but at length exclaimed, "Pardon, pardon de Villars, a wretch who is now going to expiate his enormous crimes—one who had secretly doomed your daughter to dishonor, and yourself and son to assassination. But heaven has prevented this accumulation of infernal wickedness. Would that its lightnings had blasted me, e'er I committed those other crimes which stain my polluted soul—the murder of my friend, my patron, my relation; and his gallant son."

"Hildebrand," returned the baron, "let not the evils you intended to inflict on me, which it has pleased heaven thus wonderfully to avert, grieve your departing spirit. I from my soul forgive thee all thy meditated injuries. For thy treatment of the good sir Raymond, which I have heard from the lips of Agnes who is now under my protection, may heaven accept thy deep contrition; and give thee to be thankful that it spared one transgression to thy sinful soul, the death of his son, who has wonderfully escaped thy malice, and now attends thee that thou mayest in the presence of us all, make restitution to him of his usurped rights."

"And does he live?" cried Hildebrand, "oh bring him hither, to bless my burning eyes, and hear my last weak sighs of penitence." Raymond immediately entered the apartment, having laid aside his shield and helmet. The strong resemblance, however, between the youth and his murdered father, instantly flashed upon Hildebrand; the dreadful vision occurred to his imagination, and threw him into a paroxysm of horror and despair. "Save me, save me," exclaimed he starting from the couch into the arms of his attendants, "from him, whose look withers my soul. Hell itself with all its horrors is less terrible, than the blasting eye of that fearful spectre."

The agitation of his mind became too violent for

his exhausted frame to contend with. The blood gushed again from his wound. The cold dews of death overspread his face—and his agonised soul took her flight, in a groan of despair that filled the bye-standers with astonishment and awe.

As soon as the monks, and the attendants of Hildebrand were fully convinced of their patron's dissolution they began to think of providing for their own safety. They had been privy to all his enormities, and dreaded the punishment they so justly deserved. Each therefore immediately endeavored to fix the whole odium of them on the two principals, Hildebrand and the abbot; and officiously proffered his services to sir Raymond, whom the former had declared to be the right heir of Netley demesne.

The youth rebuked them severely for their baseness and servility, assuring them that guilt should never find an asylum within his walls. His father's wrongs were not to be forgotten, and he resolved as soon as he was firmly settled in his rights, that public inquiry should be made into the circumstances of sir Raymond's death, and the severest punishment inflicted on those, who were concerned in the foul deed.

As the morning had now dawned, sir Raymond, accompanied by de Villars and his son, proceeded to Netley castle, in order to take possession of his parental estates. From thence a message was dispatched to all the barons and knights in the neighborhood, begging their attendance. Before this numerous body, de Villars made a full detail of the various circumstances which had occurred, both with regard to sir Raymond's family, and his own. His narrative was confirmed by the testimony of Gilbert, several of Hildebrand's own domestics, and the monk who had first carried the tidings to de Villars of the tragical scene at the abbey. The whole assembly expressed their astonishment at the story

and the hearty congratulations to sir Raymond on his escaping the malevolence of Hildebrand, and retrieving his property and honors; and united in swearing to support him in both, with their swords and fortunes. Messengers were also instantly sent off to court, with an account of what had passed, and to solicit a confirmation of the estates to the legal heir.

This extraordinary and unexpected change in the affairs of sir Raymond, filled the whole party with the sincerest satisfaction; but no one experienced a more heartfelt joy, than the youth himself, as it enabled him to display the disinterestedness of his regard for Eleanora, and the warmth of his friendship for her father and brother. No sooner therefore had he received the confirmation of his rights from the king (who was prevailed upon at the same time to withdraw his displeasure from de Villars and his family) than he presented his sister to Edward, giving her in dower, a very considerable tract of land immediately in the neighborhood of de Villars' castle.

Sir Raymond then solicited the hand of Eleanora, who superior to the little artifices and affectation of false delicacy, instantly bestowed it, where her affections were already fixed.

It was now that he thought it necessary to do justice to the memory of his father by punishing the instruments of his death, and properly interring his remains. The culprits were therefore brought to trial, and such as had been immediately concerned in the murder, condemned to execution. The bones of the late sir Raymond were collected, and placed with all the pomp of burial in the cemetery of the Abbey; which after undergoing a lustration, and being consecrated afresh, was filled with its complement of monks, taken from neighboring monasteries, all men of age and piety.

Nothing was now wanting to complete the felicity

of those, on whom adversity had so long and darkly frowned.—Sir Raymond Warren and his lady took possession of Netley Castle, where they lived with all the generous hospitality of feudal magnificence.

Edward and Agnes resided with the baron at his mansion ; adding the venerable Gilbert, and faithful Frances to their family. Whilst de Villars, whom age and grief had been gradually bending to the grave, once more regained his health and cheerfulness, and blessed, for several years, with his society, the happy group, who transmitted to their posterity these sacred truths ;—That there is no situation to which persecuted virtue can be reduced, so low as to authorise despair ; that there are no circumstances to which hardened impiety can be raised, so elevated, and secure, as to preclude the fear of downfall and disgrace.

THE GOSSAMOUR.

.....

A REMARKABLE BEGGAR.

A beggar to all appearance maimed and miserable, though in reality a hale fellow, rather inclined to laziness, took his stand in Aldersgate street, London, where he asked charity from all the passengers for many years.—There was something so winning in the fellow's address, that he was rarely unsuccessful in procuring something from the passers by.—Among others, one gentleman, a humane merchant, who passed every day through that street, constantly and without failure, every morning, after hearing the charity whine, gave some small matter

At last the merchant disappeared, and was not seen in the street for several months. After a while the beggar happened to fall in with his old benefactor, dressed rather shabbily. He immediately enquired the cause of his not having walked his wonted route for so long a time. Ah, Mr. Lazarus, (said the merchant) I met with some losses at sea—my vessels were taken—my credit was gone—and I no longer would come your way. “Sir, (said the beggar) how much money would set you afloat again?”—“Why Lazarus, I believe about one thousand pounds might put me forward again in a small way.” The beggar instantly stepped into an adjacent house, and brought out a parcel of Bank Notes to that amount—“There (said he) take the reward of your former charity to me—if you can ever repay me, it is well—if not, you must not trouble your head about the matter—your trade may turn out unsuccessful, but I can always beg.

Among all the instances of horrid ferocity in battle, perhaps there is none surpasses the following :

In the year 1512, Henry VIII. King of England, sent out an English fleet under Admiral Knevet, which coasted near the French shores. This fleet having committed some depredations, a French fleet, dispatched by Francis king of France, issued from Brest, under the command of Admiral Premauguet. An engagement between them begun ; and the fire presently seized the ship of the French Admiral, who finding his destruction inevitable, bore down upon the vessel of the English Admiral, and grappling with her, resolved to make her share his fate. In this situation, while the flames were consuming both vessels, their respective crews continued the horrid combat in sight of both fleets, which stood aloof from the awful engagement ; and their furious shouts continued to be heard, till at last the

French vessel blew up, and at the same time destroyed the English.

A Gentleman at the eastward had five daughters, all of whom he brought up in such a manner, as was proper to render them useful and respectable characters in life. These daughters, as they came to years, married one after another, with the approbation of their father. One of them married a gentleman of the name of Poor; another married a Mr. Little; a third married a gentleman of the name of Short; the fourth married one Mr. Brown; and the fifth a Mr. Hogg.—At the wedding of the latter, her sisters, with their husbands, were present.—After the ceremonies of the wedding were over, a social conversation ensued. The old gentleman made this remark to his guests; “I have taken great pains,” said he, “to educate my five daughters in a suitable manner, that they might act well their part in life; and from their advantages and improvements. I fondly expected that they would form connexions that would do honor to my family. But having now no more daughters to marry, I find that all my pains, care and fond expectations, in the result have turned out nothing but a poor, little, short, brown, hog!”

A young ménonist with two of his companions, came to *A Weaver's* tavern, in some part of England, and ordered a supper to be prepared. This young man sent his companions about three miles on the other side of the Conestogoe, to bring in a girl that had promised to be ready to marry him that night. The young fellows returned, and informed the groom, that the girl said “*she had quite forgot*, and that it was then too late.” The groom (who in the mean time had obtained the licence,) was very much enraged, to be sure, at the disappointment, but upon recollecting that he had another string to his

bow, desired the young fellows to wait a little, and swearing that he would not go home, without a wife, he rode about six miles and brought in the other sweet-heart. They then went to a minister, who, upon reading the licence, told the groom that the name in the licence was not the same as that of the girl, and that there must be some mistake. "I know well enough," says the groom, "there is no mistake, 'tis not the same girl neither." The parson upon hearing the story, had the name altered, they were married, returned to the tavern, and eat of the supper that had been prepared for the young woman that had made *default*.

"How shameful is it that you should fall asleep," said a dull preacher to his drowsy audience, "while that poor creature (pointing to an idiot who was leaning on his staff and staring at him) is both awake and attentive?"—"Perhaps," replied the fool, "I should have been asleep too, if I had not been an idiot."

When a lawyer, on his passage to Europe, was one day walking the deck, it having blown pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. Why, replied the tar, "I don't know what name they know 'em by ashore, but here we call 'em *sea Lawyers*."

MARRIAGE.

The man who passes his life without a wife, will contract unsocial habits, *be displeased with the world*, and in the winter of his years will stand like a lonely tree on an extended plain, his breast exposed to every blast of misfortune, without a companion to soothe his troubles and wipe away tears wrung by misery.

MARRIAGE.

Sailed, lately, from Ellington, Conn. on a matrimonial voyage to the frozen ocean, Mr. James M'Kenney, aged 79, in company with Mrs. Deborah Kibbe, aged 68. In this affair there arises what the lawyers would call a moot question, viz — Whether this voyage can be considered such a breach of *non-intercourse*, as that an action would lie for *smuggling*?

A foolish young fellow once came dancing into a room, where old Colly Cibber sat coughing and spitting;—and cutting a caper, triumphantly exclaimed, "There, you old put, what would you give to be as young as I am?"—"Why, faith, young man," replied he, "I would be *almost* as foolish."

The Captain of a trading vessel, having contraband goods on board, which he wished to land, says to an exciseman or wharfinger (whom he knew) "If I were to put a half crown piece upon each of your eyes could you see!" The answer was, "No—and if had another upon my mouth, I could not speak."

Louis the IV. while before the walls of Menin, in Flanders, was told, that if he chose to risk an attack, that place would be taken in 4 days sooner than it otherwise would be. "Let us take it then (said he) 4 days later.—I would rather lose these 4 days than one of my subjects."

Gonsalvo, surnamed the Great Captain, took Naples by storm in the year 1503; and when some of his soldiers murmured at not having had a sufficient share in the spoil of that rich city, Gonsalvo nobly replied, "I will repair your bad fortune. Go to my apartment, take there all you can find—I give it all into your hands."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

.....

For the Literary Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,

The following lines were occasioned by the words "*Be you my friend*" intertwined in a heart with the motto, "*Love, Joy, Peace*," at the head of a poetic effusion written by a young lady to whom this is addressed, and presented by her to the author.

TO AMELIA.

YES lovely girl, "*I'll be thy friend!*"
 'Till death 'twill never know an end;
 Evasive terms! why not say love?
 The record waits for it above!
 Bewitching nymph! enchanting fair!
 That happy word dispels despair.
 And am I thus supremely blest?
 And are my wishes thus carest?

Ah! have I raised the tender glow?
 My melting soul will overflow.
 "Be you my friend" oh rapturous words,
 Both love and friendship meet rewards,
 In that soft wish, my matchless fair!
 Few lovers blessed thus, there are.

"The time may come, you need not fly,"
 Was Musidora's parting sigh,
 In answer to her Damon's lay,
 When guarding from licentious eye
 Her angel-form plung'd in the pool
 The summer's sultry heat to cool.

Thy parting sigh, is "*be my friend.*"
 (With *Love* that sentence ought to end.)
 Thy lover's answer then is this—
 That "*now his soul knows nought but bliss,*"
 That from thee now, he need not fly,
 But with thee live, and with thee die.

CELADON.

SELECTED POETRY.

....

"FRIENDSHIP,"

WHEN fortune smiles, and looks serene,
 'Tis—"sir, how do ye do ?"
 "Your family are well, I hope,
 "Can I serve them or you ?"

But turn the scale—let fortune frown,
 And ills and woes fly t'ye—
 'Tis then—"I'm sorry for your loss,
 "But times are hard—good bye t'ye."

WHERE'S THE ROSY SMILE.

BY SIR JOHN STEPHENSON.

TUNE—*Myra of the vale.*
 WHERE'S the rosy smile you gave me,
 When I thought we ne'er could sever ?
 Oh ! it beam'd but to enslave me ;
 Now 'tis gone, and gone forever !
 Where's the glance that sweetly glisten'd,
 Through the dewy tear of pleasure ?
 Where's the song to which I listen'd,
 When you were my treasure ?

Where's the blushing crown you wreath'd me,
 Lost in passion's gentle dreaming?
 Where's the melting vow you breath'd me,
 From that lip with rapture teeming?
 Like your love the rose has faded,
 All its fragrant power is over:
 Sorrow's blight the leaf invaded,
 EMBLEM OF YOUR LOVER.

GLEE.

LONE minstrel of the moon-light hour,
 Who charm'st the silent list'ning plain;
 A hapless pilgrim treads thy bow'r,
 To hear thy solitary strain.

How soothing is the song of woe
 To me whom Love hath doom'd to pine,
 For, 'mid those sounds that plaintive flow,
 I hear my sorrows mix with thine.

A RECEIPT FOR COURTSHIP.

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,
 Two or three balls and two or three treats,
 Two or three serenades given as a lure,
 Two or three oaths how much they endure,
 Two or three messages sent in a day,
 Two or three times led out from the play,
 Two or three soft speeches made by the way,
 Two or three tickets for two or three times,
 Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes,
 Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
 Can never fail making a couple of fools.

An Epigram, should be, if right,
 Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright,
 A lively little thing;
 Like wasp, with taper body—bound
 By lines—not many, neat and round,
 All ending in a *sting*.

EPITAPHS.

*On the tomb-stone of a person who had been
an Inn-holder.*

If e'er good punch to thee was dear,
Drop on John Daggett's grave a tear,
Who, when alive, so well did tend
The rich, the poor, the foe, the friend—
At every knock, and every call,
"I'm coming sir"—he cried to all.
At length, death knocked,
Poor Daggett cried
"I'm coming, sir!"
And so—he died.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

Here innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely, death.
Hence did she go just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

Here lyeth wrapt in clay,
The body of WILLIAM WRAY;
I have no more to say.

To taylor Snip, an untaught coxcomb goes,
"You've put (says he) no *fop* in these small-
clothes,"
"No *fop*! (quoth Snip) oh, *fob*!—"Yes, stupid
elf"
"Why, sir, you've put a *fop* in them yourself."

EPIGRAM.

Of *Rome* and of *Cæsar* the poets would warble,
He found it of *brick* and he left it of *marble*.
So of *London* and *George* they say without vapor,
He found it of *gold* and he left it of *paper*.

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